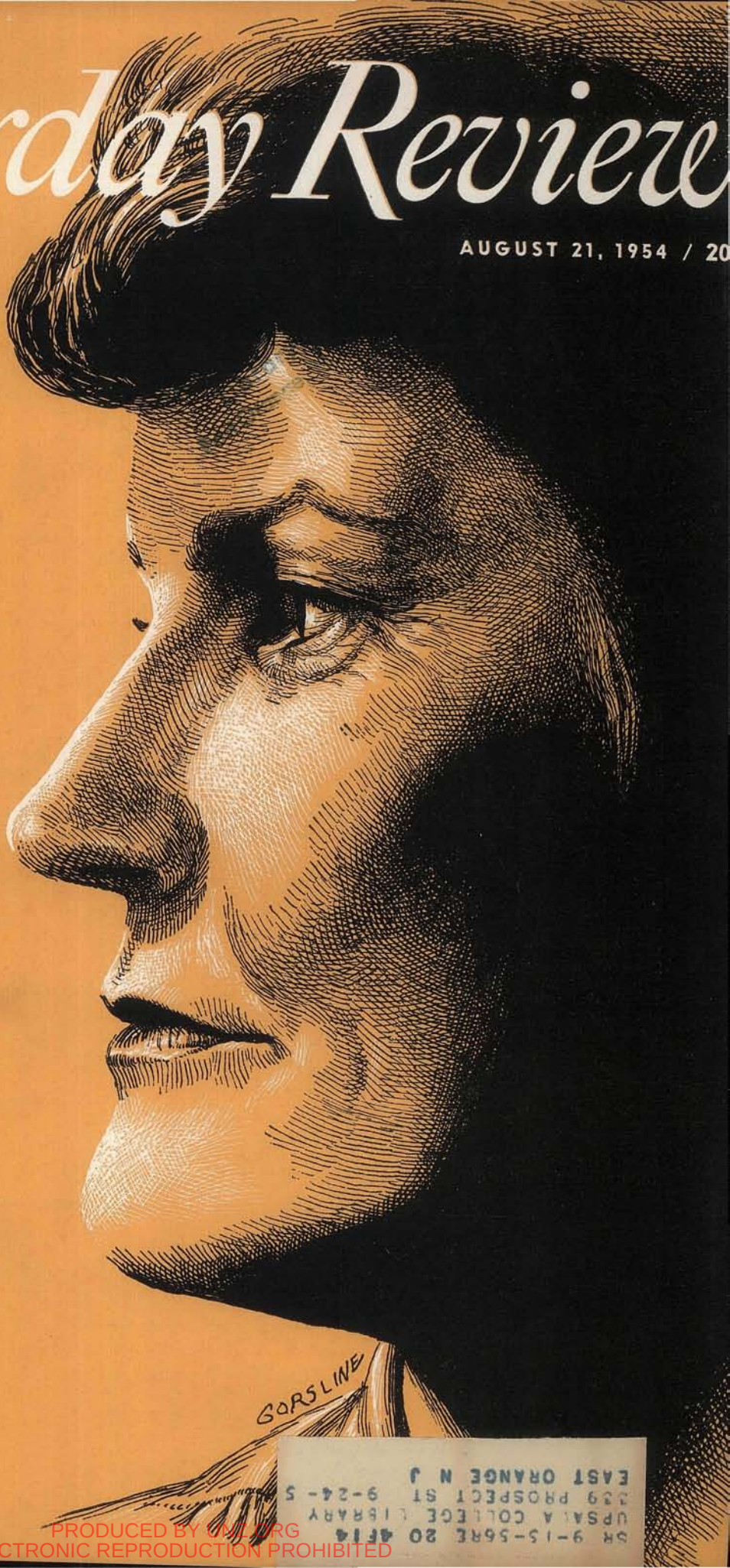
Saturday Review

AUGUST 21, 1954 / 20



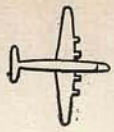
INVITATION TO INNOVATORS
By Malcolm Cowley

WE WHO WORK BY NIGHT
By Brooks Atkinson

Mari Sandoz, author of "The Buffalo Hunters."
(See page 11)

SR 9-15-56RE 20 4F14
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
239 PROSPECT ST 9-24-5
EAST ORANGE N J

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TWO SEATS FOR SR'S PHOTO AWARDS WINNER RESERVED ON PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

Win A Dream Holiday In Paris, Rome and London

AT THE CLICK OF A CAMERA

YOU ARE NOT DAY-DREAMING, when you see your dream holiday come true.

Paris, Rome, London *and* the Riviera, with expenses paid for fifteen unforgettable days, planned for you from start to finish by Pan American World Airways, are much more than a dream.

This "Clipper* Cruise to Europe" for two persons is the Grand Prize that awaits the winner of THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S *second annual World Travel Photographic Awards, in* whatever part of the United States or the world he lives.

The storied sights and romance of the great capitals of France, Italy and Britain and the Mediterranean's fabulous playground, plus various side excursions, will offer never-to-be-forgotten moments for the Grand Prize winner as Pan American World Airways flies him and his companion across the Atlantic and around Europe.

There will be twenty-seven awards in all for SATURDAY REVIEW readers who have taken unusual pictures, in either color or black-and-white, during vacation or business trips abroad or at home during the past year.

Second prize will be a handsome Eastman Kodak 8mm. *movie camera and projector or their equivalent in photo*graphic equipment and supplies.

As a special inducement to early entries, Pan American World Airways is also offering a complimentary copy of their unique world-wide travel guide, "New Horizons," to the first 250 contestants sending pictures to THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Winning pictures will again be featured in THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 1, 1955, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. A page is devoted to each month of the year, and each of these pages will be dominated by one of the award-winning pictures. The Grand Prize winner will be reproduced on the cover of the January 1st issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Joseph Costa—Chairman of the Board, National Press Photographers Association, and Chief Photographer, King Features Syndicate.

Full details of the Grand Prize and of the other 26 valuable awards will be announced in future issues. Read THE SATURDAY REVIEW regularly for additional Award news.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white. Each week, starting in an early issue, the outstanding photographs of the week will be published in THE SATURDAY REVIEW along with the latest news of the Awards.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1954. Send your entries on or before that date to:

PHOTO AWARDS

The Saturday Review

25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

*Trade Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Should the Grand Prize winner prefer some other trip than the European holiday outlined above, its equivalent for one or two persons to any points served by Pan American World Airways can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, Pan American World Airways and members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been made after July 1, 1953, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes. They may be taken with any kind of camera on any kind of film, either in color or black-and-white.

3. Black-and-white photographs must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10. On the back of the photograph must appear the name, age and address of the photographer, the make of the camera and film used in taking the picture, the date and place it was shot. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No artwork or retouching is permitted on prints or the negatives from which they are made. No composite pictures, such as multiple printing or montages, are eligible. No black-and-white pictures from color transparencies will be accepted. Pictures should not be mounted or framed. No prints will be returned. *No negatives should be submitted,* but original negatives must be available when called for.

4. Original color transparencies must be submitted. Color prints are not eligible. All transparencies must be mounted, preferably in metal or cardboard frames. Glass mounts are acceptable, but are much more likely to be broken in shipping and handling. The same photographic data as for black-and-white *pictures must be given and should be written or* otherwise given directly on each mounting frame for each picture. Gummed labels can be used on metal *frames. Color stereos are eligible, but will be judged* as single pictures so only one transparency need be sent. Transparencies not awarded prizes will be re*turned to entrant if accompanied by a stamped,* self-addressed envelope. Duplicate transparencies will be made for color prize winners.

5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white prints and/or six color transparencies to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS DEPARTMENT. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1954, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWELVE PICTURES, SIX IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality *and originality in choice and treatment of subject.* The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black-and-white pictures and color transparencies become the property of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's Library Poll

THE curious will note this week's resurrection of Lloyd C. Douglas's "Magnificent Obsession" (#17). This immensely successful author developed his story of a playboy's redemption from a sermon; originally it was issued by a Chicago religious publisher. Critics never did find Dr. Douglas's sugarplums very digestible and, as his bizarre style is even stronger in his first book than others, it has never obtained as many critical compliments as readers.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F) *
2. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
3. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth (G) **
4. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
5. **Gone With the Wind**
   by Margaret Mitchell (F)
6. **Sweet Thursday**
   by John Steinbeck (F)
7. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
8. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
9. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)
10. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
11. **The Mind Alive**
    by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
12. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)
13. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)
14. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
    by Emily Kimbrough (G)
15. **The High and the Mighty**
    by Ernest K. Gann (F)
16. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
17. **Magnificent Obsession**
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
18. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
    by Gene Fowler (G)
19. **Bless This House**
    by Norah Lofts (F)
20. **Ambassador's Report**
    by Chester Bowles (G)

PARTICIPATING PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N.Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Des Moines (Ia.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Miami (Fla.), Milwaukee (Wis.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N.Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Salt Lake City (Utah), Washington (D.C.).

* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

An exciting and colorful new novel
by the author of
Signed With Their Honour
& The Diplomat

HEROES OF THE EMPTY VIEW

by

JAMES ALDRIDGE

The vivid story of a modern T. E. Lawrence —strange, inspired, heroic—who takes up the cause of an Arab tribal revolt and almost succeeds in leading it to victory.

"Mr. Aldridge has succeeded superbly in imagining a Lawrence who becomes completely credible. . . . There is richness here and the broad sweep of the desert . . . . the ideas leaping at a dazzling pace across the page. Excellent."

—New York Times Book Review

$3.95 at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

COPYRIGHT (C) 2012
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Published: the new book of DOUBLE-CROSTICS Series 32, by Doris Nash Wortman

Send today for your copy of the most fascinating paper-and-pencil game book ever invented for literate people. The new book of Kingsley DOUBLE-CROSTICS, Series 32, contains 50 puzzles never before published. Each looks like a cross-word and combines the fun of solving a Literary Quiz, an Acrostic, and a Cryptogram. If you've never tried one, it will take you three minutes flat to learn how. Send us the coupon. Postman will deliver package containing hours of good fun. Price $1.95

(A few Series 29 and 30 are still available @ $1.75—sorry, no Series 31.)

don't miss the latest DOUBLE-CROSTICS OMNIBUS Series 2

This is the second big collection of puzzles from Double-Crostics books now out of print. It contains 80 beauties from Series 14, 15, and 16. A real bargain for fans who missed the early books. Get one for yourself and send one to a good friend who isn't a D-C fan yet, but will be the minute he gets started. Only $1

To your bookseller, or
The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street,
New York 36, New York

Please send me.....copies of KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTICS, Series 32, price $1.95 each; .....Series 29 ($1.75); ..... Series 30 ($1.75). (Add 25¢ per book for postage and handling.)

....copies of DOUBLE-CROSTICS OMNIBUS, Series 2, $1.00 each. (Add 25¢ for postage and handling.)

I am enclosing remittance for $.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE....STATE.....

New York residents add 3% city sales tax.

The Saturday Review

AUGUST 21, 1954

Cover Drawing by Douglas Gorsline

After a Photograph by Halsman

SR/IDEAS

7 INVITATION TO INNOVATORS, by Malcolm Cowley

9 WE WHO WORK AT NIGHT, by Brooks Atkinson

22 UTOPIAN NIGHTMARE: AN EDITORIAL

SR/BOOKS

11 THE BUFFALO HUNTERS, by Mari Sandoz
An Essay-Review by Carl Coke Rister

12 THE INDIANS' LAST STAND
An Essay-Review by Seth Agnew

14 ISN'T ONE WIFE ENOUGH? by Kimball Young
Reviewed by Dale L. Morgan

15 LOVE IS ETERNAL, by Irving Stone
Reviewed by Helen Beal Woodward

16 THE IRON MAIDEN, by Edwin Lanham
Reviewed by Harrison Smith

17 THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, 1954, edited by Martha Foley
Reviewed by William Peden

18 THE DRAMA OF ALBERT EINSTEIN, by Antonina Vallentin
An Essay-Review by Alvin Johnson

19 IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER
Reviewed by Bruce Bliven, Jr.

21 FOR WING-WATCHERS
An Essay-Review by Irston R. Barnes

24 REPORT ON AFRICA, by Oden Meeker
Reviewed by Carveth Wells

25 DOCTOR TO THE ISLANDS, by Tom and Lydia Davis
Reviewed by Robert Payne

26 THE TIGERS OF TRENGGANU, by A. Locke
Reviewed by Edison Marshall

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 TRADE WINDS, by Cleveland Amory

20 LITERARY I.Q.

23 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

27 LITERARY CRYPT

28 BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes

30 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Arthur Knight

31 TV AND RADIO, by Goodman Ace

32 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton

34 BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, edited by Frances Lander Spain

37 THE CRIMINAL RECORD

43 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 1065

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVII, No. 34, Aug. 21, 1954. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1954 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

WHO IS THE most famous character, the world over, in American fiction? Is it Tom Sawyer or George F. Babbitt? Tarzan or Uncle Tom? Frank Merriwell or Scarlet O'Hara? The answer is easy; it is none of them. Instead, it is an 'arnest man of natur' whose chief consarn, through five books, is rascuing vartuous darters on parilous jarneys from sartain dith at the hands of Frenchman, injuns, riptyles, and all sarts of arther inimies.

His name, of course, is Natty Bumppo, otherwise known as Deerslayer, Hawkeye, Pathfinder, or Long Rifle, and to rescue this man from sartain dith at the hands of schoolmarms, camic books, tilivision, and all sarts of arther ibscurities, there comes, on October 1 from Pantheon Books, a brand-new, hair-trigger, rim-fire, single-action, five-barrel book called "The Leatherstocking Saga." This doughty volume, containing a running version of five whole novels, may well be the literary event of the fall; it contains 833 pages and will sell up to November 1 for $7.50 (thereafter $8.50). The book was originated by Pantheon's Helen Wolff, encouraged by *SR*'s Amy Loveman, edited by Columbia's Allan Nevins, illustrated by the late Reginald Marsh —and, oh yes, it was written by James Fenimore Cooper.

STARTING with Mark Twain, who claimed that Cooper's characters were "corpses," his Indians "cigar-store," his dialogue "book talk," his humor "pathetic," and his pathos "funny," Cooper has for many years suffered at the hands of critics. Nonetheless, he has been the most widely translated of all American authors, and while this may give some more ammunition to the argument that the poorer a book (in the sense of refinements of the mother tongue) the better for translation, the fact remains that the Cambridge History of American Literature has come around to calling Natty Bumppo "the most memorable character American fiction has given the world." In "The Leatherstocking Saga" Professor Nevins has taken a brand-new tack. Scorning the verbal underbrush, he has hewed to the chronological line of Natty Bumppo's life, letting the chips of sub-plots and sub-characters fall where they may. Thus "The Deerslayer," which was the last to be published, comes first; "The Last of the Mohicans," which was second, second; "The Pathfinder," which was fourth, third; "The Pioneers," which was first, fourth; and "The Prairie," which was third, last. Meanwhile Deerslayer himself, who is twenty-three years old in "Deerslayer," which concerns the years 1740-1745, is thirty-six in "Mohicans," which concerns 1757, is thirty-eight in "Pathfinder" (1759), seventy-two in "Pioneers" (1793), and finally eighty-three in "Prairie" (1804). (Actually, it isn't quite that easy. Cooper says "Prairie" was about the year 1804 but Nevins says it was about 1820, so Deerslayer, who Cooper says was eighty-three, was, Nevins says, ninety-nine.)

IN ANY CASE, the rascuing job has been done, and today Deerslayer, at age 223 (both Cooper and Nevins would agree on this) is still a man to be reckoned with. Any man who in his own time was not only read but also unanimously praised by such adults as Goethe, Scott, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Francis Parkman, Washington Irving, and Walt Whitman, would seem, at least, to deserve an adult hearing in his old age—whether or not one can go all the way with Professor Nevins "that those who take the pains to read the five novels attentively . . . will find that they have read nothing less than the nearest approach yet made to an American epic."

Where "The Leatherstocking Saga" concerns Deerslayer himself the text is intact; in other sections the novels are bridged by brief narrative transitions written by Professor Nevins and printed in italics. Not the least interesting are the notes, both Cooper's and Nevins's; in one of these Cooper disputes what later became H. L. Mencken's thesis that the word "Yankee" was first used as a disparaging nickname for the Dutch freebooters—*Jan* (John) plus *Kees* (cheese)—then later applied by the Dutch themselves to English settlers. Nonsense, says Cooper, the word was Indian in origin; the Indians pronounced the word "English" as "Yengeese."

Whether cheese or goose, pro-Cooper or pro-Twain, no present-day Yankee can read some of Deerslayer's better lines without coming to the conclusion that the man was indeed carved of epic proportions. If he can say, "Now, I come of a humble stock, though we have white gifts and a white natur' " and "Bumppo has no lofty sound, I admit, and yet men have bumped through the world with it," he can also exclaim when he first gazes at Lake Otsego, "This is grand!—'tis solemn!—'tis an edication of itself to look upon!" Again, when he gazes on the rotting corpses of the Americans and British whom the French allowed to be massacred at Fort William Henry, he can rise to heights. "What say you, Chingachgook, shall the Hurons boast of this to their women when the deep snows come?" Finally, it is a moving scene indeed, when, at the end of "The Prairie," death comes to the Deerslayer. "A valiant, a just, and a wise warrior has gone on the path which will lead him to the blessed grounds of his people," declares the

"Is it necessary to play 'Pomp and Circumstance' every time I walk by?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bienvenue!

Yes indeed—you are always welcome in La Province de Québec. Come this Fall when the Laurentian hills flame with color and the Eastern Townships' maples are at their most beautiful. Clear warm autumn days—long cool nights. Enjoy French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable modern inns and hotels.

For road maps and booklets—write: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

LA PROVINCE DE Québec

Faith Baldwin's

UNFORGETTABLE POEMS THAT COMFORT AND CONSOLE WHEN YOU LOSE A LOVED ONE

Widow's Walk

$2.50 at all booksellers

RINEHART & CO., N.Y. 16

Faith

and courage plus AA therapy CAN lick alcoholism and even mental illness—as you'll read in

I'LL CRY TOMORROW

Lillian Roth's Life Story

$3.95

at Bookstores Everywhere

FELL · NEW YORK

Indian chief. "Go, my children; remember the just chief of the pale-faces, and clear your own tracks from briers!"

COOPER HIMSELF, in his lifetime, did little to clear his tracks from briers. Son of Judge William Cooper, founder of Cooperstown, he was in his prime six feet tall and over 200 pounds—"a very castle of a man" Washington Irving described him. Expelled from Yale in his youth, he served a term in the merchant marine, then wrote his first book on a boast he could write a better story than the English novel his wife was reading. Later, flouting his democratic ideas in Europe and his aristocratic ideas in America, he went from the most popular American author both here and abroad to the most unpopular anywhere. Not only did he pave the way for Edna Ferber in New York (the city was ill-paved, he said, and poorly lighted) but also, back in Cooperstown, he made a lifelong court fight of right of the local citizenry to the free use of Three Mile Point. He won his fight but died a lonely, broken man—one who, even in the future, forbade any authorized biography.

Today, more than a hundred years after Cooper's death, his town is ironically one of New York State's most democratic vacation spots. ("Not for the Birds," advertises the Otesaga Hotel, "but You!") Cooperstown is also, of course, the home plate of Abner Doubleday and Baseball's Hall of Fame. More important, however, it has become, since 1940, New York State's Williamsburg. A town of only 2,800 people, 225 miles from New York, it now has, in its Fenimore House, the most outstanding single collection of folk art anywhere in the country, and, in its Farmer's Museum, a unique recreation of an entire frontier village of the early 1800's. Farmhouse, general store, schoolhouse, smithy, apothecary, doctor's office, lawyer's office, and printer's shop stand just as they stood—complete with a reasonable human facsimile of their original occupant, a man or woman well trained in explaining every detail of the Good Old Days. Cooperstown's Clark family, of Singer Sewing Machine fortune, gave most of the financial impetus, but almost all Cooperstownians took some part or other. Louis C. Jones, director of the New York State Historical Association, calls it "History for Everyman," and that this was no idle boast was proved by this summer's seventh annual "Seminar on American Culture"; students from seventeen states and four countries attended. Sample courses: "The American Frugal Housewife," "Exploring the Landscape," "History of the American Parlor." Sample faculty (from a course called "American Myths"): New York's Carl Carmer, Maine's Henry Beston, Virginia's Marshall Fishwick, Pennsylvania's George Swetnam.

Cooperstown has no other industry but its idea; conceivably, however, the Cooperstown idea could prove as important as International Business Machines or, for that matter, Singer Sewing Machines. Among the teachers this summer, for example, was Paul Wallace, one of the faculty of a course called "The Iroquois People" and author of a book called "White Roots of Peace" (University of Pennsylvania Press). In this book there is a direct challenge: As the founding of the great Iroquois Confederation of the fifteenth century was the model for the transformation of the Colonies into a United States under national law, might it not also serve as the model for the transformation of the Countries into a United Nations under world law? "To the Iroquois," Paul Wallace says, "peace *was* the law. They used the same word. Peace (the Law) was righteousness in action, the practice of justice between individuals and nations."

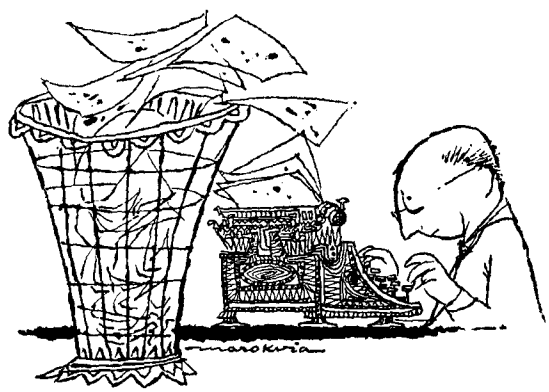
SINCE LAST WEEK was Hall of Fame week, our pilgrimage to Cooperstown concluded with a pleasant rhubarb lunch with Sid Keener, director of the baseball Mecca. We even checked the sales of baseball books in the Hall, and the figures (as if he didn't already know them) would gladden the heart of John Lowell Pratt of the A. S. Barnes Co. And, just to keep the record straight, "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant," W. W. Norton's first sports book since anyone down there can remember, has been picked as a Book-of-the-Month selection for September. We haven't much confidence in the baseball know-who of the BOM boys but they're having a hard fight too and maybe, despite the Yengeese's system of two platoons plus cash, this is the year. Anyway, "TYYLP" is the story of a Washington Senators' fan who in the year 1958, after the Jan-Kees have won nine straight pennants, sells his soul to the Devil. Even though he never seems to get much fun out of it all, and the author is, as Bennett Cerf might say, not the firstest with the Faustus, just the same he's a loyal Senator, and we commend the book on the grounds of equal prejudice under law to Mel Allen. The author's name, by the way, is Douglass Wallop, and, as Ted Williams did say about Willie Mays, is that guy real, or did they make him up?

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
AUGUST 21, 1954

INVITATION TO INNOVATORS



By MALCOLM COWLEY

In this discussion Mr. Cowley, a cosmopolitan critic born in Pennsylvania and polished in the University of Montpellier in France who has long been the friend and editor of many American writers, investigates the natures and conditions of young America, in order to prophesy the type of serious writing the new generation will produce when it finally gets down to work.

SINCE the beginning of this century, and increasingly since World War II, American life has been changing in more fashions than most of us realize. Some of the changes are largely quantitative and haven't much bearing on the future of literature. Others are qualitative and are beginning to produce new characters with new values and a different sense of life, one that is likely to be reflected in the writing of the next half-century.

Among the qualitative changes, perhaps the most important for their effect on literature are those in the intimate lives of American families. Today most families are spending more time together, thanks to the five-day working week, and they are learning to spend the time more entertainingly than ever before. It seems to me that they are taking more interest in serving a variety of good food, in cooking and eating and playing outdoors, in having pleasantly livable rather than showy houses; more of them own their homes. There has never been a time in American history when private life seemed so much more attractive than public life.

With the disappearance of servants from middle-class households, the family itself has become a closer group, with more shared tasks and a variety of machines to lighten them, including entertainment machines reduced to a family scale. Public facilities like railroads, streetcars, buses, theatres, concert halls, stadiums, and coliseums have all been suffering from competition with private facilities like television sets and passenger cars. On Wednesday evenings, when boxing matches are televised, streetcars in Pittsburgh ran almost empty. I have to say "ran" because motormen and bus drivers went on strike last spring and since then our twelfth city has had no system of mass transportation. That would have been impossible and unthinkable in 1900.

There are more children in the average family and they are receiving more attention. One keeps hearing about friends who planned to spend a year or more in Europe, but hurried home after the first month because they were worried about the children, who weren't doing well without their pediatricians, dentists, and child psychologists, their certified milk, frozen orange juice, and streptomycin. In the days when pediatricians were known as child specialists and were likely to be homeopaths, Mrs. Malaprop used to say that homeopathy was good for infantry, but allopathy, or conventional medicine, was better for adultery. In the 1950s Europe is a continent for visiting adults and sometimes for their adulteries, but America is the children's paradise. American society, instead of being matriarchal, as it is often called, shows signs of becoming filiarchal or pedocratic.

The relation between the sexes has changed immensely for the better at all age levels, beginning with the seventh or eighth grades in grammar school. When I was that age girls were an alien race, plainly inferior, but gifted with a mysterious self-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possession that made boys feel awkward in their presence. One speculated about them ("Does she?"—"Jimmy says she did it with him"), but one never had much to say to them. By 1950 boys in the seventh grade were making dates and wondering how soon they could go steady.

The institution of "going steady" is something new in American life; at least it is new among lower-teen-age boys and girls of the middle classes. Its popularity seems to be connected with a general demand for security at all ages; girls say, and boys too, "If I didn't have a steady I might have to go to parties alone," and they hesitate to run that minor risk. "Can we—c'n we go steady?" the boy plucks up his courage to say, as if he were making a proposal of marriage.

Relations between parents and children are better than they had been in the Teens and Twenties of this century. There are fewer attempts at dictation by the parents, who have been advised to be "permissive," and also fewer rebellions by the children, with a little more frankness on both sides. The gulf between generations had seemed to be widest in the years after World War I. At that time young people avoided the company of their elders, who were thought to be stuffy, conventional, and unprepared to hear the jokes that young people told among themselves. Parents felt deserted and couldn't understand what the children wanted out of life.

"Mother and I don't see why you insist on going to New York [or Chicago or Paris]," they would say in the 1920s, and the children would try to explain, but with a helpless feeling that the two generations spoke a different language. Usually they ended by going and afterward they saw their parents only once or twice a year. In the 1950s the older children see their parents oftener and sometimes take their advice, so that the generations seem to be closer together. But the appearance of understanding is chiefly an appearance, based on the absence of scoldings and rebellions, and in some ways the parents are as far from the children as they had been from their own fathers and mothers; perhaps the real gulf is even wider. That too might be a subject for novels in the future.

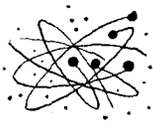
THE young writers of this age—I am thinking of those born after 1920—belong to the first generation that really grew up with the automobile, the first for which driving a steel elephant at sixty miles an hour has become as instinctive as walking and more habitual; nobody likes to walk any more. They are also the first to have grown up with radio, the juke-box, and talking pictures—that is, with omnipresent voices and music—just as still younger persons, born after 1940, would be the first to grow up with television. The effect on both groups has been to make them more ear-minded and picture-minded and to occupy much of the time they might have spent in reading. On the average they have read fewer books than their elders at the same age—or it might be more accurate to say that the reading, even for future writers, began later in life, when they were in college rather than when they were in high school.

The new writers belong to the first generation that attended new high schools at a time when secondary education was becoming almost universal and when teen-age boys and girls composed an independent society, resentful of interference by older people. The education they received was different, with more stress laid on adjustment to the group and less on competitive achievement in their studies. In high school there

(Continued on page 38)

A Contemporary Observation

By Henry Salomon



IT IS all very simple, all very difficult.
Everything is the same, but everything is different.
First there is the celestial cosmos
with its suns, stars, planets, galaxies and nebulae,
about which man knows almost nothing.
Then there is the solar system
of which our earth is a part.
The part—
and the whole—
are made of molecules
which are varying combinations of ninety-two elements.
These elements are made of atoms
which range from the lightest—hydrogen,
to the heaviest—uranium.
An atom consists of a positive nucleus
around which are negative electrons.
Electrons change,
do not change;
move,
do not move.
The nucleus,
almost all the atom's mass,
almost none its size,
consists of protons
which have a positive charge,
and neutrons which have no charge at all.
Then come the alpha particles,
the beta particles
and the gamma rays
which,
of course,
are not particles—
they are electromagnetic energy
like X-rays and light.
Then there are sub-atomic particles
such as the positron, the neutrino and the meson
about which man—
always again—
knows almost nothing.
But to help him find his way through the maze of matter and energy—
energy is matter and matter is energy—
there are such useful devices as a-particles and cosmic rays,
Van de Graaff generators, linear accelerators, super-accelerators,
cyclotrons, synchrotons, synchro-cyclotrons,
betatrons, cosmotrons and bevatrons.
These oscillating magnetic apparatus
indicate that the infinite universe
and the finite universe
are the same—
only they are different.
Hence,
by making what is different,
quite different,
we get a man-made element
that is really different.
(Really,
there is no such word as
really.)
Transmutation takes place when uranium nuclei absorb neutrons,
making uranium a different kind of uranium,
throwing out electrons,
becoming neptunium.
Neptunium throwing out electrons,
becomes plutonium.
Plutonium
or other elements, radioactive,
or uranium
of the right kind—
in critical masses—
fission and fusion.
Which simply means, they release energy.
Which simply means, they explode.

(Mr. Salomon is chief of NBC's Documentary Film Unit. This poem is an excerpt from his one-hour script "Three Two One—Zero," on atomic energy, to be presented September 13 at 8 P.M.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE WHO WORK AT NIGHT

By BROOKS ATKINSON

DON'T waste sympathy on the people who work at night. Since they go on duty when most people go to bed, they are sometimes pitied for the sacrifice they make. Don't pity them. At any rate, don't pity me. I am one of them; for thirty years I have worked in a New York City morning-newspaper shop that does not really come to life until after sundown.

When I reach the brilliantly lighted office at 10:30 or 11 from my evening assignment everyone is wide awake. The organization is at peak strength—scores of reporters, copy-readers, and editors working under pressure in outward harmony. Enough edited copy goes upstairs in the pneumatic tubes at the peak hour to fill a small book, though no one appears to be rushing. Upstairs the printers are setting type on chattering machines, absorbed and industrious but not excited.

In daytime this bustle of activity would go unnoticed amid the general busyness of the city. Then our plant is no more interesting than the offices, hotels, garages, restaurants, and theatres in the neighborhood. But it is a conspicuous and vivid place at night. It puts to shame the indolence of our part of the city. Most of the other people have locked up and gone home. Don't pity us. We pity you. We are preparing a report of the world's activities. It will vitally concern you when you start reading it tomorrow morning.

But I wonder whether anybody gets as much pleasure out of reading the newspaper as we do out of putting it together at midnight at the bright center of a network that covers the globe. In the back of their heads most newspapermen never forget that it is a dramatic job done with a new script every night. And when the edition has gone to press the world outside the office seems like an anti-climax. It is ordinary, prosaic, soft.

For anyone working in a city at night the hours surrounding dawn can be almost lyrical. All the work in the world would be suffused with glory if it could be done during the tender hours when the day is forming. Gradually, along the avenues, the automobiles extinguish their driving lights as the king of lights begins to climb the eastern sky. The streets and buildings look clean, relaxed, and promising. There is no anger in the city at dawn. It is quiet and motherly; the silent buildings shelter the sleeping multitudes from the harshness of the world.

What happens? For there is no use denying that the pell-mell, bedlam city of nine and ten in the morning or five and six in the afternoon has lost the rosy promise of the dawn. The streets and buildings look ugly and fretful. At rush hour the subway is a savage place, a rebuke to civilization. Everyone seems to have a grievance. People go through the familiar routine of pushing into the cars as if they were in a sullen trance. Even the best of them wear a subway mask that hides their true personalities.

As citizens we are at our worst in the pitiless glare of daytime. Day may be good in itself. But it looks haggard in the city by the time people have gotten through with it at five o'clock.

"Day tells less of distance, more of detail; less of peace, more of contest; less of immortality, more of the perishable," wrote Frank Bolles, the New England essayist, at the turn of the century.

As night-workers we must guard against a temptation to patronize those who work by day. In point of fact, we are no better than anyone else—that is, I suppose we are not. But the act of going solemnly to work while other people are sitting at home in their slippers, gaping at television, playing at cards, or possibly carousing, induces a feeling of puritanical piety, as though we were the only responsible people in the world.

We must have almost inhuman strength of mind, for example, not to feel sanctimonious when we decline an invitation to dinner or a frivolous party with the invincible argument: "I'm sorry, I have to work that night." A statement like that makes us sound consecrated.

We can also point out that many of the essential community services are performed at night. The wholesale fruit market on New York's lower West Side, for example, guarantees fresh fruit in our homes during the day by being open for business at night. The fruit is loaded, unloaded, opened, graded, and bid on by men who sleep by day and unlimber their muscles after the sun goes down. And the same is true of bakeries, fish markets, and other food suppliers.

WHEN is the slatternly debris of the day cleaned up in the office buildings? By night, of course. You owe your clean desk and empty wastebasket to ministering angels of the night whom you never see.

When are the tracks of the subway repaired and replaced? At night, when the schedule is lightest.

The city would soon run down if it were not for hundreds of mechanics and service employes who work on the equipment at night when the city is not clogged with millions of hurrying people.

The magnificence of our harbors is not conspicuous by day. In the first place, the water is filthy from sewage disposal and industrial waste. In the second place, the waterfront is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frowsy—an erratic system of piers, lofts, and warehouses, built without plan.

Night restores the magnificence that man has chipped away. The harbor looks refreshed and lustrous. On the night of a full moon, which streaks the black water with patches of liquid silver, New York Harbor is a glorious place. Squalor gives way to the enchantment and mystery of lights: lights in the windows of waterfront lofts, where men work all night on freight and cargo; garlands of lights on the ferries that look like royal barges; and, in my own New York harbor, the soft effulgence of the Statue of Liberty floodlights, the exultant blaze in her upstretched hand. The Statue of Liberty looks more like the shrine it is by night than by day. In fact, the whole harbor looks like Coleridge's Xanadu, the walls and towers girdled round with radiance and splendor. And every light means that someone is awake, alert, organized.

There is never an hour of the night when tugs are not grinding the water with their propellers. There can be a very pleasant informality about night life. It doesn't seem quite so fierce or impersonal as by day. Seat yourself in the pilot house of a tug working down the bay, and listen to the radio messages coming from the night dispatcher of the Moran Towing Co. on the brightly lighted twenty-fifth floor of 17 Battery Place: "17 to the *Moira*. You'll pass a Dalzell tug pretty soon. She's going up to Newark. Give her a toot and tell Joe to call Tom at home." Or: "17 to the *Anne*. When you get to Pier 1 send me up a cup of coffee, will you? I'd appreciate it. Thanks."

The long night watches are uncommonly sociable. There's time for gossip and banter.

PEOPLE in general are likely to be more amiable at night. Note the complete reversal in the tone of radio programs: After being crisp and calculated all day, they subside into general conversation after midnight—substituting sociability for showmanship.

The cab drivers I ride with say that they prefer to work at night. Passengers are in a gayer mood and tip more generously. One driver told me he earns $700 more a year by working nights.

After midnight the subway is quiet and lazy. Descending into the Rector Street station about 1 a.m. recently, I was astonished to hear the station clock ticking. It had never occurred to me that subway clocks tick in the same soothing rhythm that the clocks have at home.

There is also something relaxing about the way the Grand Central Terminal dozes during the night. The advertising displays that give the terminal a nervous alertness by day are now unlighted and resting. The vibrating drone or rumble that is the blending of a thousand little conversations is now stilled. All the shops are closed. All but two of the brilliantly lighted ticket windows are marked "Closed. Closed. Closed."—with peremptory lack of interest in commercial affairs.

Flanked by neat piles of freshly-printed newspapers, the attendants at the Terminal's newsstands stare in a trance at the people who come to buy. After the last important train has left a gang of fifty porters takes charge of the terminal. Some, with wide brooms, sweep the concourse floor in long furrows, with a practised twisting motion that gives the rows of dirt a jaunty edge. Then others mop and squeegee the marble floor. Like a civilized person preparing for bed, the Grand Central washes off the grime of the day.

It is possible that the creative mind works most fruitfully during the hours of darkness, undistracted by the details and the nervous tempo of the day. "The soul of man is alive only in the nighttime," Shelley said. For the imagination travels farthest when distance, no longer limited by the visible landscape of the day, extends into the universes of stars that light celestial lamps millions of miles off through the dark corridors of space.

The heavens not only declare the glory of God but play hob with ordinary calculations. Space is limitless at night. Time is a new dimension. The light that reaches us tonight from Betelgeuse in the constellation of Orion started toward the earth in the time of John Milton, three centuries ago.

Ideas that seem too ambitious by day look more plausible by night against the grand geography of the heavens. The negations of the day, based on the bitter experience of the race, may not be final. "Perhaps there is hope," the heavens say.

Hideki Yukawa, who won the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1949 in recognition of his work on the function of the meson in the atom, found that night was the time when his mind was most creative. "When you work in the daytime," he said, "it is easy to do your *regular* work. It is hard, though, to get anything but conventional notions. Lying awake at night I have thought of some very interesting things. Almost always, in the morning, these things have turned out to be untrue. But once in a great while one of them has been true and unusual. This was the way, at night, that I thought of the meson theory."

"Morning's at seven," Browning cried with blithe enthusiasm. After years of sleeping late, I confess that his cheerfulness makes me slightly ill. It reminds me of too many times when I have been routed out of bed to conform to the inhuman schedules of the world.

LAST year my wife and I returned from England in the dazzling, blue-ribboned steamship *United States*. While we were dashing across the Atlantic we were swathed in luxury and encouraged to believe that we were too genteel to cope with the harsh realities of the world. But at what time did the *United States* dock in New York? Seven o'clock!

Overwrought stewards, who had no confidence in the discretion of passengers, started blasting us out of bed at five, and gave us breakfast at topspeed in the bedlamite dining room. They treated us like livestock that had lost its market value. We were lined up for the port doctor and immigration officers, examined, processed, stamped, and reminded that the obsequious grandeur of the voyage had been only a brief illusion. As a night-worker I can better reconcile myself to reality early in the afternoon. I am convinced that it is better for a man to get up when he has *finished* sleeping, free of the tyranny of the alarm clock or anything else.

"The night was made for the day, not the day for the night," Emerson declared. I wonder.

I wonder whether the leisure should not come before the work, so that the work might be better balanced? A man should not tackle every day mechanically. Let him take a little time to consider the possibility of doing something fresh before the day is over. It is pleasant not to have to plunge furiously, immediately on rising, into an automatic work schedule that leaves one no margin for improvisation. The best time for work is after sundown, when patience is unharried by pressure from the world outside.

Who inaugurated the custom of working by day? It was a serious mistake.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN WEST

Harvesting the Bison

***"The Buffalo Hunters," by Mari Sandoz** (Hastings House. 372 pp. $4.50), is an account of the Indians and white men who hunted the American bison on the Great Plains until the 1880s. Here it is reviewed by Professor Carl Coke Rister of Texas Technological College and author of "The Southern Plainsmen" and other books.*

By Carl Coke Rister

IN THE early years of the nineteenth century there were probably as many bison on the Great Plains as there were people on the whole North American continent. Four great herds, each tens of millions strong, covered the territory east of the Rockies from Canada to Mexico. Always feeding into the wind so as to scent danger, each herd grazed in a yearly loop that traced the shifts of wind over a three- or four-hundred-mile diameter. The buffalo, as they were always called by plainsmen, were perfectly adapted to their environment; so too were the Indians who lived off the herds but never seriously reduced their numbers. Even after the white man introduced them to the values of hunting on horseback the Sioux, Comanche, Cheyenne, and Kiowa killed only for their needs.

But when the white man's railroads began to thrust into the buffalo country suddenly the plains swarmed with the "hide men," buffalo hunters like Wild Bill Hickock, Lonesome Charley Reynolds, Bill Comstock, and scores of others, men who killed a hundred buffalo a day, skinned them, and left the meat to rot off the bones, which would later be picked up by the wagonload and sold for fertilizer. Vainly the Indians tried to fight off the forces that they soon realized would exterminate them as well as their "cattle." But inexorably the white man's civilization reached out to exploit the herds, and battles, treaties, reservation agreements all eventually came to nothing before the onslaught of thousands of hide men and the railroad lines from which they operated.

—From the book

This whole fascinating story is told by Mari Sandoz in "The Buffalo Hunters," a brilliant, dioramic narrative, as vast in its scope as the far-flung Great Plains. Here one may find well-written accounts of the natural history of the buffalo, the customs of the Indians and the lives of the white hunters, the buffalo-hide boom towns, railroad building, gamblers, and the colorful activities of such famous warriors as Custer and Phil Sheridan. Miss Sandoz's writing is graphic; she masters narrative lapses with great skill, dramatizes the hardships of pioneering with stark realism, and paints nature scenes beautifully.

GRAPHIC and exciting as it is, however, her book cannot be considered a definitive history of the American buffalo. Such a work has yet to be written, as even such modern workers in the field as E. Douglas Branch, Martin S. Garretson, and M. I. McCreight would no doubt admit. From a huge array of reports have come two fairly dependable accounts of the bison: J. A. Allen's "History of the American Bison" (1876) and W. T. Hornaday's "The Extermination of the American Bison" (1889), both still used by historians who write on this subject. Still, with these accounts available, as well as a wealth of plainsmen's collected papers, newspapers and periodicals, travelers' accounts, and hunters' memoirs, surprisingly enough no American historian has yet come up with a really dependable history of the bison. Obviously a full knowledge of the frontier Great Plains is impossible until this is done, for the previously unknown buffalo-hide and bone industries, and even the wide use for fuel of buffalo chips, had a marked influence in the life and economy of that vast region.

Miss Sandoz is not, of course, try-

THE AUTHOR: For the last three decades or so Mari Sandoz of Sheridan County, Neb., and Greenwich Village, N. Y., has singlemindedly devoted herself to an examination of the Old West, which is the West she was born in in 1901 and which isn't around any longer, which is too bad. Miss Sandoz knows the Great Plains, as they say, like the palm of her hand—as a youngster she played along the Niobrara River with the neighborhood Sioux (they taught her how to make bows, arrows, and other toys); as an adult she amassed a 200,000-card index profiling the West when men were men, women women, and whiskey was served without club soda. Occasionally she has lapsed into fiction, but the milieu of even these products has been the West. Otherwise, Miss Sandoz is constantly galloping closer and closer to the completion of a nonfiction project she began in 1920.

"The West changed irrevocably after the First World War, and it occurred practically outside my window," she states. "Questions arose: What happens when modern man comes into a stone-age region? What does he do to it? It to him?" The answers, she ultimately concluded, would require six books, half of which she has since completed. Miss Sandoz's literary feats certainly weren't presaged in the frame house of her childhood. For one thing, Old Jules, her father, a kind of black sheep of his Swiss, professional family, took a dim view of fiction. "He felt it was O.K. for the hired man," she recalled, "but not for a Sandoz. That we were barefoot made no difference. *Philosophy* was for us." Young Mari managed to get in some reading, anyway. However, she didn't begin reading until she was nine, when she entered school. "But after a couple of days there I finally got the idea," she said. "Reading is the most fantastic thing man has ever done. Atom bombs are nothing." All in all, Nebraska is real proud of her, the proof being that Governor Robert B. Crosby has designated August 23 as "Mari Sandoz Day."

—BERNARD KALB.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing to supply the need of professional historians, but her book has certain weaknesses, that one like myself cannot help regretting, notably those of lack of cohesiveness and the over-use of imaginative fill-in dialogues. A historian looks askance at the employment of dialogue in authentic narration, as when he is told what Buffalo Jim said to Badland Pete.

ONE of the many such instances will serve as a representative sample. This episode took place at a Southern Plains buffalo hunter's sodhouse supply post in the Texas Panhandle, called Rath's Store (or Fort Reynolds, as early-day settlers knew it), the ruins and graves of which are found on Pringle Moore's ranch about ten miles south of Double Mountain. In this scene the hide men are wrathful because Nigger Horse's fierce Quahada warriors had jumped their southwestern Indian Territory reservation and had raided the isolated hunter's camps in the mesquite badlands below the Caprock, murdering and scalping these supposed intruders and stealing their horses.

Burning with revenge, the hide men at Rath's quickly organized a punitive expedition. Among them was John R. Cook, whose "Border and the Buffalo" (1907) narrative Miss Sandoz follows generally, for it is the only full account of this episode.

Cook described the departure scene in a few words. "Two days later," he wrote, "we left Rath's. There were now forty-five all told of perhaps the best armed and equipped outfit of men that ever went against the Indians without artillery." But at this point Miss Sandoz briefed what Cook had said and added a fill-in, when she wrote: "Two days later forty-five men, well armed and equipped, rode against the Indians, the women and children to be destroyed as they were at Sappa. 'Get the nits with the lice'." But Cook did not mention that women and children were to be destroyed. What he did say further along in his account was that when the hunters had surrounded the village of the Quahadas and were ready to attack their leader instructed them thus: "And boys don't kill any of the women and children if you can help it."

But Miss Sandoz also added a dialogue fill-in. Two veteran hide men were leaning against a hide pile watching the preparations of armed men for departure. One of them remarked to the other that the avengers "might be headin' out for a clobberin' [notice here a modern slang word] like Custer got, up north there."

"There ain't as many Indians out here like they was there."

"No, but they wasn't them howlin' Comanches. Me, I ain't lost me no Comanches."

In modern non-fiction such a dialogue fill-in may be justified as a reader-interest device, but a historian trained in methodology would not use it. He can only fit into his narrative those scenes, statements, and conclusions which he can justify upon the basis of the carefully sifted and weighed sources he has available.

Yet despite such reservations, Miss Sandoz's work may be classed as a brilliantly done non-fiction narrative. Her nature scenes, her descriptions of buffalo stampedes, of the Indian method of hunting the animals by driving them over a cliff, of the white man's "still hunt," of the spotting and trailing of herds in winter by the great clouds of vapor from their breathing, of the work of skinning, and pegging down the green hides to dry, and of the wild town life of the frontier—all these pictures are unsurpassed additions to our growing accumulation of worthwhile Americana.

The Indians' Last Stand

One of the best ways to enjoy the romantic Indian country west of the Mississippi is to become familiar with its history and lore, now becoming available through many popular volumes. Seth Agnew discusses four of the newest in the essay-review below.

By Seth Agnew

IF YOU are lucky enough to be traveling anywhere in the vast territory west of the Mississippi this summer you are seeing Indian country. The tribes are now on reservation; the massacres, battles, and skirmishes are now roadside markers; but it is not so very long ago that these prairies and mountains, these deserts and canyons were the scene of fierce and bitter struggle between the red man and the white.

The Sheepeaters War in Idaho did not end until 1879. Judge McComas and his wife were massacred by Apaches in 1883 while traveling from Silver City to Lordsburg—and little six-year-old Charley McComas was carried off by the Indians. The slaughter of the Sioux by the Seventh Cavalry at Wounded Knee on December 29, 1890, marked the end of Indian resistance on the northern plains; but the prophet Wovoka, who had inspired this last convulsion of defiance, lived on until 1932.

The Indian wars are now history; markers and monuments are all that is left of the Indian's defense of his lands, a defense not less hopeless because it was valiant, not less valiant because it was savage and bloody. Too, there are the stories behind these markers, stories as rousing as any fictional tale, stories of bravery and of tragedy, stories of great Americans such as General Miles and Billy Dixon and Red Cloud and Crazy Horse.

Two recent books about the Indian wars recount many of these stories. **"Pacific Northwest Indian Wars,"** by Ray H. Glassley (Binfords & Mort, Portland, Ore., $3.75), tells of the campaigns in what are now Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Northern California. **"The Indian Wars of the West,"** by Paul I. Wellman (Doubleday, $5), is a reissue of the author's previous two books, "Death on the Prairie" and "Death in the Desert."

From these chronicles emerges the tragedy of the Indian. His traditions, his culture, his philosophy were different from those of the white man. Technologically he was far outclassed. The rifle, for example, was more efficient than the arrow and spear not only in war but also in the hunt. The Sharps' buffalo gun enabled the white man in a few short years virtually to obliterate the herds once the Plains Indian's meat supply.

Politically the white man's ideas of national identity were, at least for purposes of war, more efficient than the tribe and clan concepts of the Indians. It was as a nation that the white men demanded action and reprisal for Indian "outrages." It was as individual tribes that the Indians

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resisted. When the tribes did ally, as did the Sioux and Cheyennes under Chief Gall, Crazy Horse, and Sitting Bull in 1876, the combination was often deadly, as Custer learned on the Little Big Horn. Nor did mutual enmity towards the white man allay tribal feuds; with Custer at the Little Big Horn were Crow and Arikara scouts, not at all averse to aiding the white man against their traditional enemies.

Despite their deficiencies in military equipment and organization, however, the Indians could be superb fighters, masters of the lightning raid, adepts at traps and ambushes, brave to the point of foolhardiness. They could also be ruthless: the records of murdered settlers, pillaged wagon trains, tortured captives are not pleasant. Not pleasant, either, is the story of the slaughter at Black Kettle's peaceful village of Cheyennes on Sand Creek in Colorado in 1864, where women and children were shot and scalped by white soldiers as a flag of truce and the Stars and Stripes waved over the chief's tent.

The white man had another weapon which he used against the Indian with great effect: bad faith. Agreements were reached, treaties were made, arrangements were worked out; both white man and Indian expressed himself satisfied; but, then, when the treaty was sent to Washington for ratification it would develop that the white man would not, after all, uphold his end of the bargain. In the management of Indian affairs there were corruption and graft; there were arbitrary decisions to move the tribes from one reservation to another. Many an Indian "outbreak" had its origins in the white man's own mismanagement and chicanery.

—*From "The Indian Wars of the West."*

Sitting Bull, General Custer—"the Indians were masters of the raid and ambush."

IN looking back over the bloody history, the injustice, the blundering, it would seem that the assimilation of the West could have been peaceful if only there had been more understanding and more will for peace. And, yet, in at least one instance the will for peace was none too successful. Paul Bailey tells the story in **"Walkara, Hawk of the Mountains"** (Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, $4). When the Mormons came to Utah in 1847 Walkara was a powerful and successful war chief of the Utes. Although Walkara was rather inclined to try to drive out the white men, the determined pacifism of the Mormons was too much for him. The Mormons taught that the Indians were actually Lamanites, one of the tribes of Israel and true brothers of the Mormons themselves. Walkara was made an elder of the church; the Mormons tried to teach him agriculture. But Walkara was traditionally a warrior and a hunter, a horse thief and a slave trader. The Mormons forbade war, stealing, traffic in slaves. Walkara practised polygamy. The Mormons would not give him a white wife. In 1855 Walkara died, embittered, seeing clearly that the white men were the rulers, he the ruled.

In all the narratives of the Indians and the Indian wars it is hard to get at the facts. Historians and reporters were not much in evidence on the frontier, and later researchers often find the facts clouded by legend and conflicting evidence. The Indians, without written language, handed down their version by word of mouth, often years after the event. And their accounts are further confused by such customs, for example, as counting among the casualties only those whose names could be recalled. The white man's records are not a great deal better: both Amos Chapman and Billy Dixon in later years claimed credit for a daring rescue at the Buffalo Wallow skirmish of 1874—although apparently it was Dixon who really did make the sortie.

How clouded the records can be is shown in **"The Custer Myth,"** by Colonel W. A. Graham (Stackpole, Harrisburg, Pa., $10). Certainly Custer's debacle on the Little Big Horn is one of the most famous of the incidents in the Indian campaigns. Yet the details of the battle—let alone the events leading up to it—are anything but clear. Such records as there are, such recollections as have been taken down are likely, when they do not diverge, flatly to contradict. Custer, generally accepted to have gone into battle with flowing golden hair, actually seems to have been close-cropped. Did Major Reno suggest leaving the wounded behind on the field of battle? Which Indians did what in the fight? Colonel Graham has assembled an impressive array of data, anecdotes, recollections, and secondary material bearing on almost every phase of the battle.

It must be stated that none of these books is, from the point of view of writing, outstanding. Even granting the tangle of material and events with which they have had to work, the authors have not too well fulfilled their obligation to organize. But there is a compelling sweep to the narratives of these stormy decades which is likely to catch up the reader and make him follow along to the tragic and pathetic end. Also, the authors have been generous with illustrations, not only drawings and maps but also unusual and vivid photographs. The books make good collateral reading for the tourist through what was so lately Indian country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Polygamy in Practice

***"Isn't One Wife Enough?" by Kimball Young** (Henry Holt. 476 pp. $6), is a sociologist's account of that curious mid-nineteenth-century American phenomenon, Mormon polygamy. Dale L. Morgan, who reviews it here, is the author of "The Great Salt Lake" and other books.*

By Dale L. Morgan

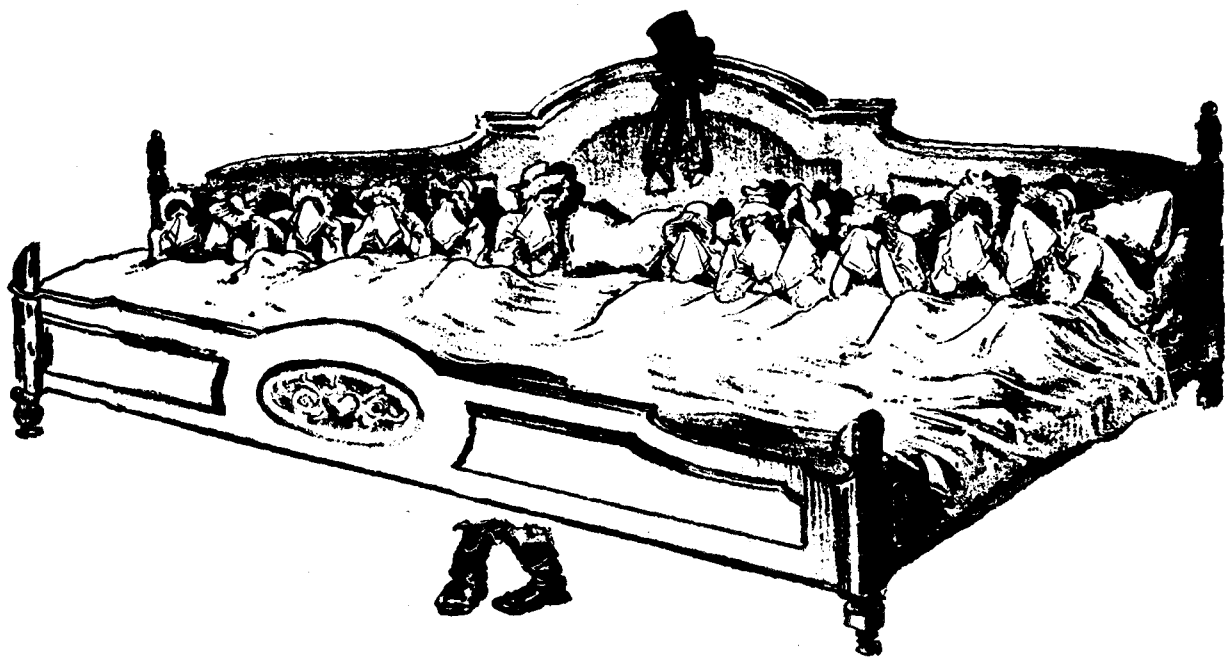
KIMBALL YOUNG'S study of polygamy among the Mormons, "Isn't One Wife Enough?" is one that all who are interested in American history have waited twenty years to see, for a qualified sociologist who was also a grandson of Brigham Young could be expected to bring insight and learning to one of the most remarkable phenomena in American social history. Under a provocative title, and with the sauciest title page any serious book has had in years, his long-promised work has now appeared.

Probably the Mormons have been more famous for their plural marriage aberration than for any other cause. Polygamy was practised under cover at Nauvoo in the 1840s if not earlier, and brought into the open in 1852 after the Saints had established themselves in Utah. Ten years later the Federal Government legislated against this form of marriage only to run up against a local legal block which nullified the effect of the law. In 1874 the Poland Law broke through this barrier, but it was not until the passage of the Edmunds Law in 1882 that full-scale prosecutions began. This was followed by the still more drastic Edmunds-Tucker Law of 1887, which gave every promise of destroying the Mormon Church and forced a surrender on the issue of polygamy in 1890. In the two generations since, the Church has become as monogamous as Methodism, and polygamy survives only in a small splinter group which defies Church and State alike to stamp out a way of life enjoined, as it contends, by divine revelation.

Mr. Young has approached his somewhat bizarre subject in rather odd fashion. Purportedly his is a popular book, but it is "popular" only in the sense that the usual scholarly paraphernalia has been thrown out—no documentation of the text, no bibliography, an atrocious index. Otherwise it is essentially a translation of a social phenomenon into the jargon of sociology, and it is no more well written than the average sociology text.

In an introduction Mr. Young sufficiently describes his book. "The first three chapters . . . give three different views of Mormon polygamy. The first presents that of the antagonistic Gentiles, who regarded plural marriage as a social cancer. . . . Second, there is the view of the faithful Mormons, who regarded the system as divinely ordered and hence completely proper. The third chapter aims to give a factual description of polygamy as it operated in day-by-day living. . . . Eleven chapters [following are] devoted largely to a psychological [*i.e.*, sociological] analysis of the way in which the spouses got along, how the children made out, and how the routine life of a plural family went on. There follow five chapters dealing chiefly with the public controversy that broke out over Mormon polygamy [and an epilogue dealing with] the wider implications of plural marriage in modern society."

CHIEFLY praiseworthy are the eleven chapters of social analysis. Here a practising sociologist is doing his job, and those who know little or nothing of the subject will find this part of the book enlightening. Still, an important reservation must be made about Mr. Young's approach to his material. He appears to have felt necessary a formal sociological assault upon his problem, arming researchers with questionnaires, and sending them out to interview persons still living who have first-hand knowledge of the workings of polygamy, and on the basis of their reports coming to his statistical demonstrations and more



—*Frontispiece for "'Isn't One Wife Enough?"*

". . . a way of life enjoined, as [its advocates] contend, by divine revelation."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

general conclusions. The difficulty about this approach is that such informants preserve memories chiefly of the last phase of polygamy—the period of the "polyg hunts," the "Mormon underground," and the agonizing strains Mormon society was called upon to endure. Twenty or thirty years ago Mr. Young could have tapped verbal knowledge extending back to the Sixties or even before, and he would have got a picture of Mormon society and family life differing in important respects from that of the Eighties and early Nineties.

The reliance upon questionnaires has led to other distortions. For the protection of informants Mr. Young found it necessary to alter the names of polygamists discussed in his book. Occasionally material in the form of diaries and autobiographies existed to back up the verbal information with more precisely contemporary viewpoints, but Mr. Young found it incumbent upon him to alter these names too, so that a curious air of unreality surrounds his whole performance. Those not intimately acquainted with his sources are unable to check up on the author, and must take his word for it that he has been scrupulous in his use of sources. In fact, his fidelity to original texts is not outstanding; and the failure to treat source documents with due respect has resulted in at least one major injustice: the pages of quotation from "Daisy Barclay" are from an autobiography published by Annie C. Tanner, a human document of distinguished quality. The index ignores all the fictitious identities, under whatever name, and no one can follow through Mr. Young's index the stories of the various polygamic families which he has broken up into his several chapters for immediate topical analysis.

It looks like we'll have to wait another twenty years for that first-class study of polygamy. It will be worth waiting for.

Notes

BAWDY FRONTIER: In **"Desperate Scenery"** (Random House, $3.75) Elliot Paul continues the delightful autobiography that includes "The Last Time I Saw Paris" and "Linden on the Saugus Branch." Rummaging around in his well-stocked past, Mr. Paul comes up this time with the story of a year spent in Idaho and Wyoming, in the country south of Yellowstone Park. When the rickety old Jackson Lake Dam burst in the early summer of 1910 young Paul was in Pocatello, Idaho, just in time to help

(*Continued on page* 41)

FICTION

Justice for Miss Todd

***"Love Is Eternal," by Irving Stone** (Doubleday. 468 pp. $3.95), is a biographical novel about Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

WITH the possible exception of Rachel Jackson or Eleanor Roosevelt, no President's wife has been subjected to more vicious slander than Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. Impetuous, indiscreet, the child of first cousins and high-strung as any Kentucky thoroughbred, Mary Todd Lincoln lacked the emotional stability, much less the resources of publicity, with which Mrs. Roosevelt has been able to answer mudslingers; and of course, unlike poor Rachel, Mary did not spoil the fun by dying before her husband reached the White House, but lived on and on and into the Administration of Chester A. Arthur.

If Eleanor Roosevelt has her Westbrook Pegler, Mary Lincoln had her William H. Herndon. Nothing he heard tell about Mary was too bad for her husband's law partner and later biographer to believe. Lincoln's political enemies accused his wife of everything from embezzlement to espionage; her own quick temper made her many enemies of her own. It is Herndon's epic hatred that has echoed down the years, however.

"Love Is Eternal," by Irving Stone, is the latest and potentially the most effective in a series of efforts to deal justly with Mrs. Lincoln. In 1928 Honoré Willsie Morrow called her "one of the most lied about women in the world." In the 1940s students of the Lincoln papers began to find evidence of Herndon's vindictiveness and bias. Far from having married his wife as a duty and put up with her as a burden, Lincoln had apparently courted Mary Todd passionately, loved her devotedly despite her human failings (and his own), and found in her gaiety and intellectual companionship.

From Mr. Stone's novel Mary Lincoln emerges an outspoken, warm-hearted woman. With a conventional upbringing, yet with a mind too active to be content within the limits of what was then known as "woman's sphere," she poured her energies into her husband's career. Impulsive, she often blundered; temperamentally lacking in self-control and subject to blinding headaches, she had to endure the loss of an adored son and a tragic conflict in family loyalties, along with the hostility of wartime Washington. Mr. Stone does not follow her into her wretched widowhood.

"Love Is Eternal"—the words are from Mrs. Lincoln's wedding ring—is certain to be widely read. What a pity, therefore, that the author has followed Herndon down some questionable trails—for instance, in making Lincoln the kind of cad or coward who would fail to show up on his own wedding day. A busy professional writer in a field of specialists, Mr. Stone has plenty of precedent for following Herndon, but one cannot help wishing that he had made use of Ruth Painter Randall's impressive "Mary Lincoln: Biography of a Marriage," published last year.

The Lincoln scholars may demur, but a wide audience is bound to find this new Stone novel fully as entertaining as "Immortal Wife" and maybe a little better than "The President's Lady" (because Mary Lincoln is a stronger personality than Rachel Jackson). If one says truthfully that the ladies' literary clubs will lap up the book, the comment is not meant to be disparaging. Mr. Stone is no stylist, but he is an expert at his craft. He writes a vigorous, dramatic prose, and he knows how to make his story move. What's more, he has that rather rare quality, compassion. In the circumstances he may be excused a sentence like: "How much longer could she go on, having the war fought not only on battlefields but on her bosom?"

Irving Stone—"busy professional."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Jacket design by Ed Sweet, for "The Iron Maiden."

"... 'the pulsing sounds of a creative force releasing its energies for the deadline rush'."

Pygmalion's Comeuppance

"The Iron Maiden," by Edwin Lanham *(Harcourt, Brace. 376 pp. $3.95), is the story of Carolyn Brown, a bright young woman with piercing blue eyes, who marries the young owner of a newspaper and then takes over its direction.*

By Harrison Smith

THOUGH the newspaper novel has for many years attracted writers who had served their apprenticeship as reporters and legmen, nearly all of them, and certainly the most sensational and therefore momentarily successful, have been attempts to dramatize the presumably hectic and/or nefarious goings-on in the newsrooms of big-city tabloids. They had their heyday back in the Twenties and early Thirties. Today, in our sober and chastened world, there is only one novel this writer can recall which delves beneath the surface of the daily and nightly life and death of a great and influential newspaper and the men who control its policies and its destiny. That novel is Edwin Lanham's "The Iron Maiden," which differs from its predecessors also in that his principal character is a young woman, and beyond that the wife of the owner of New York's world-renowned *Record-Star*.

Carolyn Brown was a seductive neophyte from the West with piercing blue eyes when Roy Durkin, the *Record-Star*'s city editor, plucked her from the Columbia School of Journalism and taught her in his rough, hard way the craft of the reporter. He soon discovered that Carrie had a genius for discovering news in unlikely places and for applying her intelligence and her physical charms to the business of using her associates at all levels in the private business of rapidly building her own career. Roy Durkin had few illusions about her, but unfortunately for him he had fallen in love with her. He was the first to call her "the Iron Maiden" when he discovered what she was doing to one of his reporters. He promptly exiled her to the Washington Bureau, where she stole the show from its head, Stanley Chapman. Durkin brought her back to New York and gave her a steady byline and a column of her own.

Miss Brown was no maiden, iron or otherwise. No one around her knew that she had married and divorced a young garage owner from her home town, and very few knew that her love life included two *Record-Star* reporters, a top-bracket editor or two, and Mark Fielding, its distinguished foreign correspondent. Something was slightly wrong with all of them, for intense devotion to the news of the world is not always conducive to happy family life, mental health, or sobriety.

THE novel opens in a crisis in the long history of the paper. The old man who owned it, who had had the sense to hire first-rate men and then to let them alone, died, leaving the New York *Record-Star* to his ambitious grandson, Andrew Morton. City editor Durkin and Ralph Travers, the elderly managing editor, were deeply concerned, not only because its new owner was inexperienced, but because he had suddenly married a second wife, none other than Carolyn Brown, the Iron Maiden. Everyone of any significance on their staff feared for their own careers, or if they were eager beavers schemed to get into the limelight. Morton's brief honeymoon was spent on his yawl alone with his blue-eyed bride, where he found out that Carolyn was his perfect mate, but sensed uneasily that there was a great deal more to her than a capacity for love. His suave nightly ship-to-shore phone calls to Travers and Durkin became increasingly ominous.

The day after the happy couple reached New York they learned the worst. At a stockholders meeting Carolyn had been appointed vice president and executive editor. In twenty-four hours she was lunching with the President in the White House. Durkin, her mentor and guide, knew that he was done for, his career at an end. He tried to fight with the only weapon he had, his discovery that her first husband lay in a New York hospital after an attempt at suicide. He failed in his first attempt at blackmail and was cast into the discard, only because, in a strange way, he still loved her. On the way that night to his too-familiar bar he watched the flashing light over the massive edifice he had served. It signaled to him, "Here is Carolyn Brown! This is her monument! Fly high, or keep away!"

This is the sound core of the novel, but its real strength depends on the reality of its many characters, the men and women who find and print the news and know "the pulsing sounds of a creative force releasing its energies for the deadline rush." One by one Mr. Lanham reveals their strength and their weaknesses, their wives, lovers, and friends, as he draws them into the story of Carolyn Brown's conquest of a New York newspaper. It is an achievement all the more remarkable since he has not found it necessary to append the customary brief note to the effect that no one in this novel resembles anyone living or dead. "The Iron Maiden" is not a *roman à clef*; but with fifteen principal characters and a dozen others, it would seem likely that a few of them bear some resemblance to certain members of the New York newspaper world, living or dead.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Year's Cream

"The Best American Short Stories, 1954," edited by Martha Foley *(Houghton Mifflin, 432 pp. $4), is the latest addition to a series that each year brings together between book covers outstanding recent magazine fiction.*

By William Peden

SINCE 1942 Martha Foley has been selecting from the vast field of American magazine fiction a memorable handful of short stories which have made her annual volumes one of the high spots of each publishing season. Her collections are indispensable; this has become all the more apparent since the death in 1952 of Herschel Brickell, who for several years performed a service similar to Miss Foley's with his annual O. Henry Memorial Award volumes. The task of selecting and editing such a volume must be prodigious, so prodigious that a reviewer feels guilty if he is less than extremely enthusiastic about its results. But I must confess, albeit unhappily, that Miss Foley's latest anthology seems less rewarding than any of its predecessors.

The collection is characterized, to be sure, by admirable variety. It contains twenty-four stories from twenty-one periodicals ranging from *The New Yorker* and *The Sewanee Review* to *Fantastic* and *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*. It includes stories by well-known, little-known, and virtually unknown authors. This is praiseworthy, but the quality of more than a few of the selections is something else again.

Of the better-known fiction writers only two are represented by the kind of story we might expect from a group highlighted by Jean Stafford, Irwin Shaw, and Ira Wolfert. Christine Weston's "The Man in Gray," originally published in *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, seems to me the best story in the book. This is a deftly written and thoroughly delightful piece about an extremely gentlemanly ghost, set in the India which Mrs. Weston knows so well and has written about so memorably. Also noteworthy is Frances Gray Patton's sharply etched version of the town mouse-country mouse theme, "The Game," from *The New Yorker*.

Among the other authors I was particularly impressed with George Loveridge. "The Latter End," from *The Yale Review*, is an understanding characterization of a likable old kleptomaniac. Mr. Loveridge's effectively straightforward narrative method comes as a welcome contrast to the snail-paced soul-searchings of some of Miss Foley's authors. Other good stories include Rosanne Smith Robinson's "The Mango Tree" (from *Harper's Bazaar*), one of several narratives depicting the horrors of an unlovely marriage and its effect on a mistreated child; Frank Holwerda's individualistic story of violence and murder ("Char on Raven's Bench," from *Accent*); and Ward Dorrance's involved study of failure and withdrawal ("A Stop on the Way to Texas," from *The Atlantic*).

Perhaps the most disappointing feature of this collection is the noticeable absence of stories by young writers. Only two of Miss Foley's contributors are under thirty, and only one of these, Ivan Gold, seems to display what might be called marked talent. Mr. Gold is a twenty-three-year-old New Yorker; "A Change of Air," from "New World Writing," is a remarkably moving piece of fiction. This story of lost Bobbie Bedner and her thirty-five silk-jacketed lower East Side Werewolves is fresh, intelligent, and provocative.

Almost equally disappointing is the presence of several laborious, overlong, painfully "arty" stories which seem to devote a great deal of time, space, and rhetoric to getting approximately nowhere. Reading and rereading several of these stories, I have the unhappy feeling that there is somewhat less here than immediately meets the naked eye. They appear, frequently, to be more artful than artistic, more pretentious than perceptive. Worse, they are simply dull.

—*Elizabeth Shearman.*

Desmond Stewart—"simplicity."

Fiction Notes

YOUNG BRITON IN ARABIA: Beneath a facade of charming unworldliness and simplicity of expression the novels of E. M. Forster afford many trenchant insights into the behavior of the British. Cut roughly to the same pattern is **"The Unsuitable Englishman,"** by Desmond Stewart (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.50).

It opens with the arrival in Media (a fictional Arabia) of Jason, an uncomplex young English animal ready to have a go at whatever life offers. "The city, when he came upon it, was closed down for the midday heat as for a plague," writes Mr. Stewart. But the natives, astonished to meet an unpretentious Englishman, quickly open their doors and hearts to him. Much later the British colony, suddenly distressed that their carefully sustained "pukka sahib" deception (under the guise of which they blandly exploit Media) may be casually, and even unwittingly, destroyed by Jason's intimacy with the natives, attempts to entice him over to their side. Failing this, their chief agent in the affair, a top-drawer diplomat, public schoolman, and homosexual sadist named Flodden, attempts coercion, and is led into a series of indiscretions which culminates in the local ruin of his career, loss of face for the British, and the realization for Jason, who is now thoroughly alienated from his countrymen, that even a good Englishman is likely to go bad if forced to live by a code in which anything that enhances British prestige represents the highest good.

A good many of the episodes are too slap-stick and incredible in invention and too naive in conception for a book intended to be, though satiric, not funny. And Mr. Stewart is unfair to the British as only a youth can be unfair to his parents. But he seems on his way to some excellent things, and even in this book the epigrammatic, laconic style, the freshness of the local color, the ability to strike directly into the salient features of a personality, are insufficient evidence to assure delightful reading to all of us who are not lucky enough to be "pukka sahib." —JEROME STONE.

PATIENT SECRET AGENT: The unusual thing about Largo Martindale, besides his whimsical moniker, is his pacific temperament. Unlike most secret agents in today's fiction, the hero of Mark Derby's **"The Bad Step"** (Viking, $3) thinks twice about rubbing out a fellow human, no matter how scrofulous. This civilized tolerance of Largo's lands him in a series of nearly

(*Continued on page 37*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Modern Socrates

"The Drama of Albert Einstein," by Antonina Vallentin *(translated by Moura Budberg. Doubleday. 312 pp. $3.95), is a full-length portrait of one of the great men of our times, written by a friend. Alvin Johnson, who reviews it below, is president emeritus of the New School for Social Research.*

By Alvin Johnson

ANTONINA VALLENTIN is in the opinion of many who know literature well the most talented biographer of our time. She has been able to make great men of the past live (Goya, Da Vinci, H. G. Wells), and has enlarged the survival chance of great men still living. She is qualified as no other writer to present the life of Albert Einstein, for she has known him for decades as intimately as any human can know a scholar absorbed in a liaison with the infinite universe.

There is not one false or strained note in all of "The Drama of Albert Einstein," except in the title. "Drama" is not the word for such a life, with its dramatic episodes, to be sure, but with a totality belittled by the word drama. I have heard pseudo-classicists speak of the "drama" of Socrates, the next of kin in history to Einstein. To be sure, the career of Socrates was closed with hemlock, and the career of Einstein is closing with Princeton.

Yet, the more you think of the two men the more you are impressed by their similarities. Both were profoundly concerned with the fate of man. Neither cared one whit for the judgment of others, though deeply interested in the life and fate of others. Both had an unshakable conviction in the power of mind to solve all problems. The approach of Socrates was through the moral problem of the universe; the approach of Einstein was through the physical mathematical problem. In the end they came out through the same gate.

No one who has met Einstein has ever escaped the sense that, though the scientist was present in physiological substance, he was actually farther away than any nebula discovered by the Lick Observatory. So it was with Socrates. He was capable of disappearing into the moral universe. We all remember the account of him at the siege of Potidaea. Assigned to the night watch, he paraded until an idea occurred to him and transfixed him into a statue. His comrades of the watch bet on how long he would stand immobile, and brought out their sleeping bags to await his coming back to earth. He came back as the sun rose over the horizon. Just so, a sunrise might bring Einstein back.

Like Einstein, Socrates had an unshakable faith in the power of the human mind to solve all problems. But Einstein had the tremendous advantage of centuries of mathematics and mathematical physics.

As a boy, like tens of thousands of other boys, geometry was to Einstein a revelation. Mind could liberate man from the tedium of physical measurement. Like tens of thousands of other boys, Einstein was shocked to find how stupid the Biblical ventures into science are, and how shocking the propaganda the fundamentalists tried to put over on the youth. But Einstein was one out of the tens of thousands, and set out bravely to recover the real world out of the mess of religionist fraud. Yet with the profound conviction there could be a true religion, with no alloy of fraud in it. To this day Einstein is a profoundly, passionately religious man.

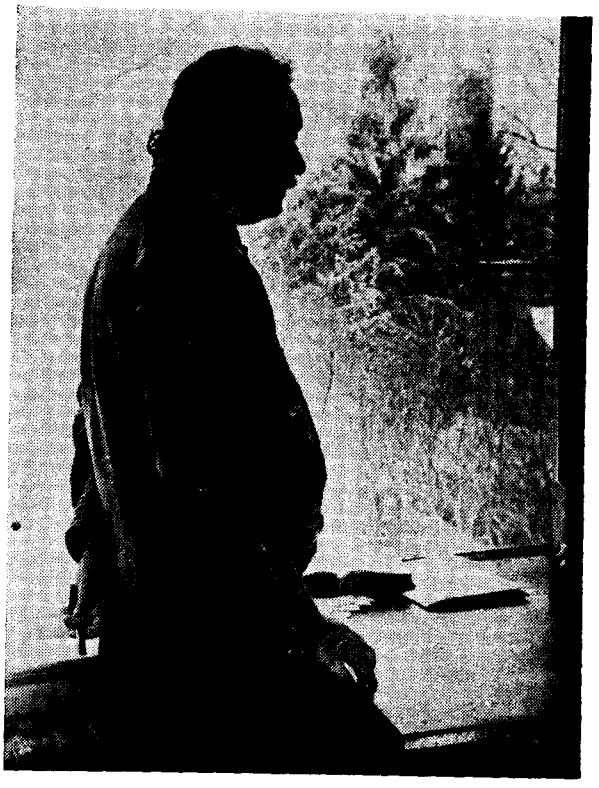
When Einstein entered upon his career as physicist the watchwords were "facts" and "experiment." Theory was to grow only out of facts and experiment. Such was the teaching, for example, of the greatest economist of my time, Wesley Mitchell, disciple of John Dewey. Einstein, in his confidence in the possibilities of the mind of man, enunciated a new principle. Facts can verify theory, but theory cannot rise out of facts.

FOLLOWING this principle, Einstein could assert that light is corpuscular, subject to the law of gravitation. He could assert it so magisterially that astronomical expeditions could be organized to go as far as the tropics to find out whether the light of stars behind an eclipse was bent by the gravitation of the sun. It was, and nearly in the measure calculated by Einstein, out of his all-divining head.

In the period of his early achievements Einstein was flattered—and belittled—as a new Copernicus. True, all physics and astronomy took a new start after Copernicus. They have taken a more powerful start after Einstein.

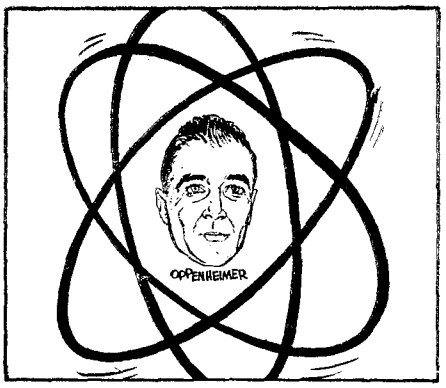
It was Einstein who first made the world realize the immense power residing in the atom. What holds any mass together is a force almost, but not quite, immeasurable. The forces in a cubic inch of matter are the cubic inch multiplied by the speed of light, near 200,000 times the inches in a mile. As a layman I can't know whether the formula is valid. But, I do know every cubic inch of anything is formidable to me.

Working on the Einstein theory, Enrico Fermi and his associates discovered in uranium an atom that could be split and could yield the most powerful explosive known to man. The secret was brought to Einstein, who could see that it would work. With his prestige as the greatest of physicists, he brought the issue to



Einstein—"a liaison with the infinite universe."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Dobbins in* The Boston Post.

"'O' Bomb."

Franklin Roosevelt, who was ready to appropriate billions to produce an atom bomb, before German science, hamstrung and castrated by Hitler, could produce it. The outcome was Hiroshima, which Einstein regretted with all the profundity of his heart. Why could we not have given the Japanese first a proof of what we could do, before killing thousands and leaving more thousands to die painfully of radioactive poison?

Couldn't a convincing demonstration have been arranged in the Pacific wastes, under neutral auspices? The chance that an awful glimpse of the bomb in action would have disheartened the Japanese High Command, leading them to spare their people the practical effects of the weapon in a populated area, would seem to have justified the small delay entailed in arranging the show.

Einstein never knew politics, or human psychology. A lover of man, he had set in motion forces that in the end could annihilate man. And those forces are at the command of the most dangerous ignorance, the ignorance of Washington and the ignorance of Moscow.

Today Einstein lives on, thinking desperately a formula that shall bring unity into all thought of the universe. The physicists of today do not go along with him. They base their thinking on the earlier Einstein. His moral universe, the fundamental object of all his thinking, is at sixes and sevens. The nations he loves and the nations he fears and hates are one in their espousal of the Big Lie. And Einstein fears for humanity, fears so intensely that his noble brow is now a puzzle of lines of care.

And we who love him, who know that he has made our age memorable for all time, would like to smooth the lines of his brow with the words: You brought the universe to the acquaintance of us poor mortals. You brought us a mighty liberating force. What we do with it you will not live to see. But, we know, it would be worth your living to see.

The Unpolitical Doctor

"In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer" *(U. S. Government Printing Office. 992 pp. $2.75), is the official transcript of the recent hearings to determine whether the eminent scientist's security clearance should be restored. Here it is reviewed by Bruce Bliven, Jr., author of "The Wonderful Writing Machine."*

By Bruce Bliven, Jr.

IT SEEMS highly unlikely that the year will have produced a more important non-fiction book than a thick volume, bound in drab gray-brown paper, "In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer," the transcript of the hearings from April 12 to May 6, 1954, before the Personnel Security Board of the Atomic Energy Commission. Even by soft-cover price standards it is a great bargain, for the publishers, the Government Printing Office, are selling the 992-page document, which must contain close to 750,000 words, for $2.75.

"Fascinating"—a book-jacket blurb word dulled by indiscriminate use—is the right adjective in this instance. That is to say, the document is spell-binding and irresistible, for although it is just a stenographic transcript it records a classic, tragic drama. It presents a hero, Dr. Oppenheimer, struggling unsuccessfully to convince three judges (Dr. Gordon Gray, Dr. Ward V. Evans, and Thomas A. Morgan) that his character, his associations, and his loyalties—in effect, his whole being—are worthy. The judges are honorable men. They embody, as is their duty, a prevailing and official view: the national security is paramount. And, in specific detail, that no man is eligible for access to restricted data where there exists information indicating that his employment may not be clearly consistent with the interests of national security (Executive Order 10450, dated April 27, 1953). The dilemma is moral, and the concept of security is as much on trial as the defendant.

The action begins with the reading of the derogatory information. Dr. Oppenheimer replies. He is questioned at length. Then a parade of forty witnesses follows, nearly all of them most interesting in their own right, each bringing his own view of the problem. Before they are done one has learned a good deal, not only about Dr. Oppenheimer, but about the whole history of the atom and hydrogen ("the super") bombs. And the layman even begins to feel comfortable—or at least familiar—with the language of the scientists and executives who built the things. Most of the witnesses are strongly friendly to Dr. Oppenheimer; they often try to go beyond plain testimony to express their emotional sympathies, and some succeed with eloquence.

Some are not friendly at all. Dr. Oppenheimer is recalled repeatedly to comment or explain. Lloyd K. Garrison, speaking as Dr. Oppenheimer's chief counsel, sums up the case that he and his client have made. Since technically the proceedings are an inquiry and not a trial, no opposing summary is offered. Finally, there is the denouement (bound separately in an annex, along with other important documents and letters): the Board's decision, by a vote of two (Gray, Morgan) to one (Evans) that Dr. Oppenheimer's security clearance should not be reinstated.

THE situation is almost unbearably pat, a conflict to delight Shakespeare or the Greeks: let the hero be the creator, in some measure, of the restricted data; let him be a thoughtful man who has come by a hard route to agree fully that the national security outranks every other consideration; let him be the author, in part, of the very security system that becomes the weapon of his own downfall; let him be Everyman, but twice life size and infinitely more complicated; and finally let his character flaw, the fault that foredooms him, be loyalty to friends and an extravagant measure of human compassion.

One accepts the final resolution with a terrible sense of uneasiness. Almost no one could read the testimony without becoming involved, almost as a participant in the events, with Dr. Oppenheimer. He has been an idiot, in his own words. He is arrogant on the stand at times. He is in turn abrupt, casual, impatient, humorous, difficult, charming. Occasionally he sounds as if he hopes he will be denied clearance, although that seems hardly possible. He never fails to dominate the scene. Like a star performer, he brings the stage to life whenever he speaks. If he has been an idiot, he has been a magnificent idiot. If he deserves

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

punishment, what can all the rest of us deserve who lacked the talent and training to take any part in the action?

But sympathy with Dr. Oppenheimer is beside the point.

It is also impossible not to sympathize with the judges. They are called upon, through no desire of their own, to make a monumental decision. Perhaps the hardest part of their job is to ignore their own sympathies for Dr. Oppenheimer. They are not allowed to find a practical compromise. They must decide the basic dilemma.

No one can realize how difficult that was until he has read this book. "Everybody was kind of depressed, the way people are about the atom," Dr. Oppenheimer says at one point in his testimony, "and we decided to take a recess." Everybody is kind of depressed about security, too. We have a concept and a system embodied in the law, but no one will feel that they have worked out well in this particular application. Public opinion seems to have taken a recess on the subject of security. It may not be entirely wishful to think that "In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer" can bring the recess to an end. It may shock thinking citizens back to their jobs as policymakers and guardians of the national interest.

Notes

ATOMS FOR EVERYMAN: Progress in the art of teaching science generally receives far less attention than it deserves. One reason perhaps is that most of the important advances are not made in universities, as one might expect, but in high schools or grammar schools which do not have public-relations offices to spread news of their achievements. During the past generation or so men and women at these levels of our educational system have been evolving new ways of teaching science by stimulating the natural curiosity of their pupils. Such studies may go unsung, but the results are evident in books like **"Experiments with Atomics,"** (Crowell, $2.50). Nelson Beeler and Franklyn Branley, its authors, are New York teachers, and this excellent introduction of the subject is the seventh book they have written together.

Messrs. Beeler and Branley present the facts needed to understand the basic elements of nuclear physics. They describe atomic weapons, atom-powered submarines, and recently developed atomic reactors, the precursors of the furnaces that will provide heat and power in the future. They indicate how "hot" radioactive materials are used to study the effectiveness of drugs and fertilizers, the operation of automobile engines, the quality of steel castings, and the blood circulation of patients selected for special surgery. These and other matters become clear with the aid of simple models and apparatus which can easily be assembled at home. Beeler and Branley are experts at imparting considerable information without calling on technical terms and mathematical equations.

—JOHN PFEIFFER.

GRAVITY'S GRAVE LAWGIVER: Some of the most important ideas in the history of scientific thought were conceived and developed during the short period from the fall of 1665 to the spring of 1667. Isaac Newton, a twenty-two-year-old student at Cambridge University, was forced to return home. The university had closed "for the duration" because of the Great Plague, which had already killed more than a tenth of the population of nearby London. For the next eighteen months Newton lived in intellectual isolation on a Lincolnshire farm—and created, among other things, his theory of gravitation, the laws of motion, and an entire new branch of mathematics, the calculus. Here was the high noon of his genius.

This intellectual phenomenon is discussed in a new, short biography of the great man, **"Isaac Newton"** (Macmillan, $1.75). E. N. da C. Andrade, a leading British physicist and historian of research, writes simply and with keen scientific insight.

Newton spent only part of his time on science. He played a leading role in the affairs of the Royal Society and, as Master of the Mint, helped put Britain's coinage system in order. Throughout his life he was deeply interested in theology and mysticism.

In fact, Newton often became tired of science and regretted the controversy that came with his publications. His discoveries were made during "spells" of intense concentration. Professor Andrade makes it clear that Newton did not lead a full life emotionally: "Women had no particular attraction for him . . . there is no suggestion that he was ever even mildly in love."

The scientist probably laughed rarely if at all—at least history records only one specific occasion, when a friend asked him what practical benefits could be derived from studying geometry. Professor Andrade's comment: "I do not expect all businessmen to understand the joke." —J. P.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE TO COME"

Ned Beatty Bartlow of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, submits twenty book titles all of which are concerned with food. She asks you to assign the proper authors. Fourteen correct answers may be taken as constituting a snack, fifteen a kaffeeklatsch, and sixteen or better a blue-plate special. Answers on page 26.

1. "Blue Trout and Black Truffles"
2. "A Pail of Oysters"
3. "Tea and Sympathy"
4. "Pigeon Pie"
5. "A Fig for Momus"
6. "Bread from Heaven"
7. "The Wine of Etna"
8. "The Herne's Egg"
9. "Cakes and Ale"
10. "A Few Figs from Thistles"
11. "The Triumph of the Egg"
12. "Apple of the Eye"
13. "The Grapes of Wrath"
14. "A Dinner of Herbs"
15. "Honey in the Horn"
16. "Chicken Every Sunday"
17. "Bread"
18. "Eggs, Beans, and Crumpets"
19. "Wine of Choice"
20. "Gin and Bitters"

( ) Glenway Wescott
( ) Elinor Mordaunt
( ) P. G. Wodehouse
( ) S. N. Behrman
( ) Charles G. Norris
( ) Rosemary Taylor
( ) H. L. Davis
( ) Nancy Barr Mavity
( ) John Steinbeck
( ) Sherwood Anderson
( ) W. Somerset Maugham
( ) William Butler Yeats
( ) Edna St. Vincent Millay
( ) Alexander Baron
( ) Henrietta Buckmaster
( ) Thomas Lodge
( ) Nancy Mitford
( ) Robert Anderson
( ) Vern Sneider
( ) Joseph Wechsberg

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WEEKEND

For Wing-Watchers

Since World War II the long weekend and suburban living have become an important part of the American scene, with the result that hobbies and pastimes are flourishing as never before. To help those who seek guidance in their leisure-time activities through books and manuals, SR *inaugurates this week a series of essay-reviews, to appear from time to time, describing and evaluating the latest product of the presses. As a start, we present a critique of five books on birds and birdwatching by Irston R. Barnes, president of the Audubon Society of the District of Columbia and writer of a column, "The Naturalist," for the Washington* Post and Times-Herald.

By Irston R. Barnes

AS THE legions of birdwatchers grow the books about birds multiply. We Americans may not yet have reached the intensity of interest manifested by the English, but with five recent books in hand we have evidence of an inflation among birders, just as the prices reflect an inflation in values. One is a sumptuous library volume, one a weighty monograph on the state distribution of birds, and three are for those who go afield.

"Land Birds of America," with text by Robert Cushmann Murphy and Dean Amadon (McGraw-Hill, $12.50), is one of the year's most beautiful bird books. It is one to enjoy for its entertaining text and for the abundance of its fine pictures; it is not one to aid in studying or identifying birds. Only the trite legends prompt a critical note; the pictures deserve better captions. Eliot Porter's ninety-five superb photographs are the outstanding feature of the book. Their unusual depth of focus and extraordinarily sharp detail demonstrate a competence which few achieve. The pictures by the Cruickshanks—twenty-five by Allan and ten by Helen—are excellent renderings of little-photographed birds in natural settings. Hal Harrison contributes thirty-five prints.

Birds in the wild are of course the most difficult to photograph. Some of the problems involved are set forth in a chapter by Mr. Porter. The movie maker exposes five times as much film as he shows, and he has the help of action to balance deficiencies. The still photographer's art is exposed to more critical scrutiny and must meet more exacting standards of illumination, composition, depth, and content. After he has secured an accurate transparency, he meets a final hazard, the likelihood that printing will not reproduce the colors he has captured. Those who have had the privilege of viewing Eliot Porter's shows, where the prints are the painstaking work of the photographer himself, will be aware of how disheartening printing can be to the photographer. "Land Birds of America" has been printed with utmost care, yet the colors are true to life for barely a majority of the birds. The techniques of color reproduction are less reliable for the photograph than for the artist's painting. With these thoughts in mind, the work of the photographer should be praised for its achievements rather than criticized for what it cannot yet do.

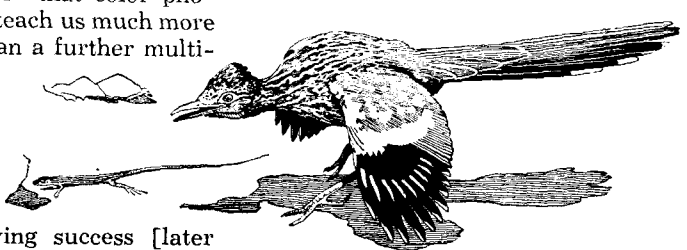
Both the publisher and the authors of "Land Birds of America" invite critical comparisons. The jacket asserts that it "represents the greatest contribution in picturing birds in their native habitat since the immortal works of John James Audubon." This is simply not so. The claim also reveals an ignorance of Eric Hosking, the finest bird photographer in Europe, perhaps in the world, whose "Birds in Action" appeared some four years ago. And more recently the National Geographic Society published "Stalking Birds with Color Camera," a magnificent volume of 331 color photographs and some 100 black-and-white pictures portraying 266 birds, most of which were by Dr. Arthur A. Allen.

The authors aver "that color photography can now teach us much more about our birds than a further multiplication of painter's handiwork." After proclaiming Audubon to be "our greatest heritage," they continue: "With varying success [later artists] have turned out thousands of portraits in water color or in the muddy medium which in our own day has come to be called 'tempera'." (For the record, let it be noted that tempera is one of the most brilliant media, as all who have admired the jewel-like quality of early medieval altar pieces know.) "Unable or unwilling to develop a new and fresh approach, succeeding generations have produced 'imitation Audubons' "—"either wishy-washy or flint-hard in execution, devoid of the bold décor that was Audubon's triumph, and lacking the requisite envelopment of figures in the lights and shadows of the open air."

Are Drs. Murphy and Amadon on tenable ground? There is no serious disagreement about Audubon's stature or the artistic merit of his work. The awkward postures, praised as "forthrightness," were often dictated by the necessities of showing plumage details or of folding a large bird into the available space; yet Audubon usually achieved artistic results with balanced compositions and a sure handling of color values. With a fine sense of natural relations, Audubon, like the best of later bird artists, showed his birds in appropriate habitats and, like them, he was fluent in his use of a variety of media.

IN APPRAISING the achievements of later artists, it must be recognized that the times deny them the opportunity that was Audubon's. None has had the services of a Robert Havell, Jr., the combination of fine copper engravings and hand-colored plates, the luxury of life-size treatment, or twelve years in which to publish. If other artists have not produced large folio volumes, it may be that the fault lies more with the market than with the artist. We may spend $5,000 for a car every other year; yet few car owners would spend $5,000 for a folio

(*Continued on page 27*)



—*Illustrations from "A Guide to Bird Finding West of the Mississippi."*

Road-Runner.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN
Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD Editorial Assistant, PETER RITNER
Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR. Feature Editor, ROLAND GELATT
Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, MARY GOULD DAVIS, HENRY HEWES, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
Contents Copyrighted, 1954, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Utopian Nightmare

EARLY in the year 1913 H. G. Wells assumed his well-worn prophet's mantle and looked once more into the future of man. In a book called "The World Set Free" he foresaw the advent of the war which was to overwhelm the world. Though he confused the date of Armageddon with the end of the Second World War, he was astonishingly accurate when his imaginative mind conceived of splitting the atoms of a rare and little-known metal. In his first pages the scientist and teacher who was his spokesman held before his unbelieving class a flask containing fourteen ounces of uranium oxide and said, "If at a word in one instant I could suddenly release the energy of the atoms in this bottle it would blow us and everything about us to fragments; if I could turn it into the machinery that lights this city it could keep Edinburgh brightly lit for a week." A few pages later Wells hit the nail on the head when he wrote, "It was in 1953 when the first atomic energy induced radio-activity into the sphere of industrial machinery, and its first general use was to replace the steam engine in electrical generating stations." He described the horrendous effects of atomic bombs with remarkable accuracy. An incorrigible optimist, he gave his next chapter the title "The Ending of War."

Richard Aldington, after Wells's death, wrote that his insistence on the importance of science during an epoch when men of letters were heinously ignorant of it and his sense of the continuity and logical development of human destiny were valuable. He added that they enabled him "to make shrewd guesses at future happenings which sometimes have been impressively right." H. G. Wells could also be impressively wrong. When mankind discovered the devastation and death that followed his atomic world war the separate governments of the earth drew together in a united world. He saw it as logical and inevitable. He did not, or perhaps could not, foresee the rise of aggressive and belligerent Communism in Russia and Asia, or the pacts conceived by the Western world to meet its menace. His sense of "the logical development of human destiny," or perhaps his timing, went astray, for the latter half of his astonishing novel becomes a Utopian dream. When he wrote "The World Set Free" the average mechanic or laborer in Europe and America worked at least forty-eight hours a week. With the use of atomic power, which in Wells's book brought about a world depression not unlike that of 1929, Western man, led by America, was for the first time freed from the intolerable burden of unremitting toil. It was Wells's problem, and the heart of his book, to solve the enigma of what men and women would do with their spare time when they worked only thirty hours a week.

IN THE year 1954 leisure time and enforced retirement from work are being discussed widely in the press. It is at present principally an American problem. We are aware of how the majority of our people pass their Saturdays and Sundays, their ever-extending vacations, and their years on the shelf. We have heard of the retiring executive who groaned, "For forty years I have eaten and slept with General Motors; what am I to do now?"

In 1913 leisure was limited to Thorstein Veblen's leisure class, who hunted, played golf, rode to hounds, watched cricket and football, and traveled extensively. Wells attempted in "The World Set Free" to invent profitable ways in which millions of commoners could find diversion; for he conceived that the commoner would someday be paid enough to enable him to copy the life of his betters. Since he knew nothing of television and little of radio, his solution was truly Wellsian. His people with idle time on their hands were forced to become creative. In the first place he dispensed with governments as we know them, the threat of future wars, and the fear of financial collapse. With a stabilized currency, and apparently no income tax, one might live anywhere. Man, ceasing to be an agricultural animal, became a traveler, a builder, a maker. For, once the world was released from the hardening insecurities of a struggle for life, there was in the mass of people a long-smothered passion to make things.

"The time came," Mr. Wells wrote, "when the majority of our population consisted of artists, and the bulk of activity in our world lay no longer with necessities, but with their elaboration, decoration, and refinement."

By this time Mr. Wells's novel has leaped forward many decades beyond our own day; but it is remarkable how much his Utopian dream coincides with an American's life in 1954. To be sure, we are not all artists, though the immense increase in the business of supplying the necessary materials of art might induce one to believe that we are headed that way. "The Do-It-Yourself" movement is expanding month by month, aided by mechanical tools beyond Mr. Wells's conception. Today, released from factory and office, modern man spends what might have been his leisure hours working in a one-man machine shop. Mr. Wells would have found this spectacle Utopian, but a more practical man might find that the last sentence from last week's front-page editorial in Barron's *National Business and Financial Weekly* makes a good deal of sense. "As we turn back from our benches, stoves, and barbecue pits," the editor writes, "let us recall that the mark of all civilization is leisure; but if leisure is turned back again to work the coming thirty-hour week may be the harbinger not of culture, but a nightmare." To this reader and admirer of "The World Set Free," contemplating Mr. Wells's Utopia of men and women eternally devoting their lives to "elaboration, decoration, and refinement," to say nothing of amateur painters and sculptors who are not, and never will be artists, it is a nightmare, indeed.

—H. S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NO ROTHSCHILDS IN SOUTH AFRICA?

WHILE I GREATLY APPRECIATED Carveth Wells's informative review of "The South African Way of Life," edited by G. H. Calpin [*SR* July 10], I question one of his statements: Mr. Wells's comment about the Rothschilds' mistake, their missing "the South African boat."

I can not claim any authoritative knowledge of Africa but I have long been under the impression that Cecil Rhodes and his De Beers Co. was able to wrest control of the South African diamond mines from Barnett Isaacs (Barney Barnato) only with the financial help of the London Rothschilds.

Would you be kind enough to settle this question for me?

LLOYD MILLIKEN.

New York, N. Y.

REPLY FROM MR. WELLS

THE ROTHSCHILDS WERE NOT listed by me among the pioneers such as Rhodes, Barnato, Joel, Eckstein, and Abe Bailey, because, as far as I know, they never took part in either the South African gold rush or the diamond rush. That is to say, they did not go to Africa, like the others did, "on a shoestring" and make themselves millionaires.

It is true, however, that as perhaps the world's greatest financiers they were interested in lending money to anyone who had a big enough deal to interest them. The ambition of both Rhodes and Barnato was to gain sole control of the diamond industry. Finally, the only stumbling block that prevented such control was a company known as the French Company.

Although rich, Rhodes hadn't enough money to buy out the company so he went to London and persuaded the Rothschilds to finance him to the tune of three-quarters of a million pounds. It was this financial aid that enabled Rhodes to gain control of 90 per cent of the world's output of diamonds. The full story of this is admirably told in the biography of Cecil Rhodes by Sarah Gertrude Millin.

Presumably the Rothschilds made their interest, but Rhodes with their money made an enormous fortune.

CARVETH WELLS.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

EFFECTIVE PLANNED ADVERTISING

THE ARTICLE "WHO TELLS THE STORYTELLERS?" by Elmo Roper [*SR* July 31], is one which must bring pleasure to every thoughtful reader. Far too little has been written about the effective use of planned advertising. Roper's article reiterates the concept that no advertising can succeed unless the group which such advertising should reach has been properly defined.

While there can be no disagreement with Roper's classification of the various "target groups" among the American public, those of us in the public-relations field sometimes feel that the "Politically Inert" group, which he estimates to be about 70,000,000, must in reality run into the billions—the feeling can be especially prevalent when a piece of publicity after repeated attempts fails to do the job it should do!

One thing more I would like to add, not only to Roper's article but also to the section on SR's Advertising Awards: the inability of business and institutional executives to recognize the value of good public relations through the media of institutional advertising comes about because the basic returns of publicity have never been fully explained to them. Too many people attempt to work in the more practical field of publicity and the more highly developed field of public relations who have not the ability to raise themselves above the grade of the celebrated "hucksters."

ERIKA SCHNURMANN.

Paterson, N. J.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Why don't you physicians write prescriptions in Latin so everyone can understand them?"

PLACE FOR "LESSER INNOVATORS"

THE OTHER DAY I realized that I had been an editor too long. I was reading Elmo Roper's piece entitled "Who Tells the Storytellers?" In column three he said, ". . . let's assume . . . seven groups." So I started to count. I got through the Great Thinkers, the Great Disciples, the Great Disseminators, the Lesser Disseminators, the Politically Active, and the Politically Inert. Finally I reached the point in column six where he recapitulated, "These seven groups. . . ." It was beautifully symmetrical but I still couldn't count seven.

How about a small place for the "Lesser Innovators"—maybe 300,000 to 800,000 plus or minus a few hundred thousand others—that's all right too. I would be *very* flattered if I thought I could crawl into it with him. Maybe Louis Bean would come, too.

PAUL T. DAVID.

Washington, D. C.

LAISSEZ-FAIRE vs. A PRIORI

H. S.'S PLEA for new novelists ["Wanted: New Novelists" *SR* July 31] was disappointing, for about all he had to say was that the good novelist will write about "human beings and their interaction on each other" (something of which all but the most imperceptive of serious fictionists is aware) and that certain aspects of American life are outmoded as subject-matter: moral or social protest, war, poverty, juvenile depravity, etc. If, as H. S. finally did admit, "The field for the novelist is as wide as the earth and as deep as the nature of man," I cannot understand how he can justify his claims concerning the aforementioned areas. Certainly a critic cannot arbitrarily suggest in all seriousness that they should be abandoned. What is needed now and always are sensitively perceptive novelists—let their subject-matter come from wherever it will. Such a *laissez-faire* attitude may seem hopelessly casual, but it actually is a more sensible attitude than thinking *a priori* rules can be laid down.

VICTOR VECSEY.

Stanford, Calif.

SORRY, WRONG PUBLISHER

TSK! TSK! The illustrations you used for the review of "French Stories and Tales," edited by Stanley Geist and published by Knopf [*SR* July 24], were from our book, "A Treasury of French Tales," collected by Henri Pourrat.

JOHN LEGGETT,
Houghton Mifflin Co.

Boston, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Still Dark Continent

"Report on Africa," by Oden Meeker *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 410 pp. $5), is a panoramic report covering thirty countries south of the Sahara, stressing the rapid spread of nationalism. Carveth Wells, who reviews it below, is the author of "Introducing Africa" and other books.*

By Carveth Wells

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER recently referred to Africa as "the continent of the future." Field Marshall J. C. Smuts, once Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, said, "One of our main troubles is that we know so little of the facts of this great continent."

Facts galore are given by Oden Meeker in "Report on Africa," a volume that is a combination of personal experiences and observations during the author's one year of hectic travel through thirty different countries, all of them south of the Sahara. To my mind, a more appropriate title would have been "A Liberal Looks at Africa," for Mr. Meeker's views on racial segregation and the color problem generally will infuriate the South Africans, delight the West Africans, annoy the East Africans, are unlikely to be read by the Central Africans except the Belgians, who will treat them like water on a duck's back.

The value of this well-illustrated book is enhanced by the great amount of research work of other people (gratefully acknowledged by the author), which is evident in every chapter. In fact, it is this serious historical information which elevates the book from what might have been a series of entertaining magazine pieces, to a book of reference which deserves a place on the shelves of any student of Africa.

Some of Mr. Meeker's surprising facts deserve to be repeated. Although in French Equatorial Africa cannibalism was outlawed in 1947, that did not prevent a candidate for political office from reducing his wife to small pieces and serving them to his constituents, or a certain unpopular Senator on the Ivory Coast from being devoured by his constituents when he returned home during recess.

In Liberia the general manager of Firestone, in 1945, refused to receive any Negroes at any time in his house except as servants. To soothe the injured feelings of President Tubman, an executive from Akron flew to Liberia, where he gave a fine banquet for the President and his Cabinet. Unfortunately, all his good work was undone by some joker who, just as the guest of honor was leaving, played on the gramophone "Bye Bye Blackbird!"

Signs of the changing times in Africa crop up all through the book. For instance, in 1945 the recently elected Prime Minister of the Gold Coast, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, a student of Communism, spoke at a meeting of the "Fifth Pan-African Congress," of which Kenya's Mau Mau leader, Jomo Kenyatta, was president, and shouted, "Colonial and Subject Peoples of the World, Unite!"

In Nigeria buses and taxis are given fancy names such as "Son of the Elephant," or "Prepare to Meet Thy Maker," while an African lady named Mrs. Nzimiro grosses a million dollars a year by selling brocades of Winston Churchill giving the victory sign.

To me, the chapters on the Belgian Congo and the Ituri Forest were especially interesting. Unlike South Africans, who segregate their natives under scandalous conditions, exploiting them at starvation wages as a source of labor, the Belgians treat their native population with kid gloves. Present-day Belgians believe in raising the standard of living and improving the health of their nearly twelve million subjects whose national problem, according to Mr. Meeker, is constipation. One Belgian doctor alone is reported to administer a ton of epsom salts and seventy gallons of castor oil annually. Perhaps this explains why the natives of the Belgian Congo show no interest in nationalism.

—*From "Report on Africa."*

M'Boumba, Senegal, during a hygiene film.

BECAUSE of her wealth of minerals, especially uranium ores, the Belgian Congo is of extraordinary importance to the United States. That American pioneer mining engineers have left their mark on this part of the Dark Continent is evidenced by the fact that to this day the Congolese name for a hand drill is a "sonvabitch."

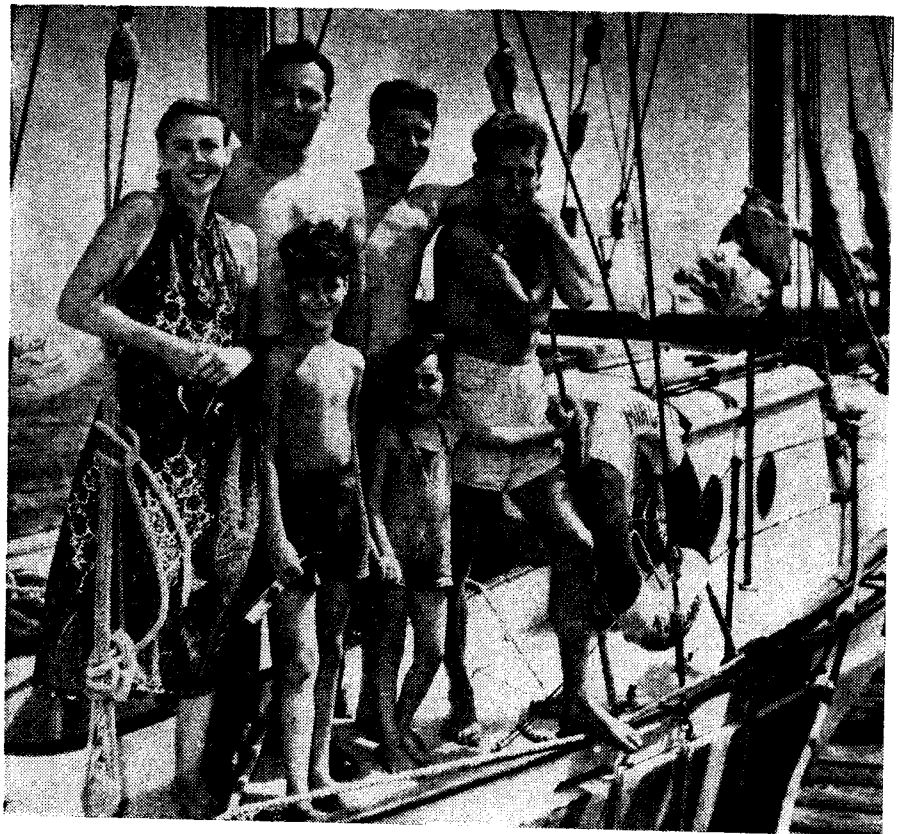
For those who want to visit the pygmies Chapter Eight of "Report on Africa" is a must. No elaborate safari is required. The intrepid explorer can reach pygmy land on a pushbike if necessary, although it is quicker to do as Mr. Meeker did and fly there from Nairobi. While the Hôtel des Pygmées provides every comfort and full directions on when, where, and how to see the little people, Camp Putnam is undoubtedly the most exciting place for the explorer to stay, for they have at least three hundred pygmies on call. For the modest sum of $40 you can go and see them—or if that is too much trouble for $50 the pygmies will come and visit you. For the inquiring naturalist they keep a fine specimen of a real live okapi on tether and at the photographer's service at all times.

As a Trust Territory of the United Nations, Tanganyika would be expected to have no color or racial distinctions, but when Mr. Meeker visited the airport at Dar es Salaam, the capital, he observed that there were six different sets of toilets, for males and females, European, Asian, and African.

After reading his lengthy report on the savage and unspeakable atrocities of the Mau Mau, it came as a shock to read Mr. Meeker's description of Jomo Kenyatta, who is charged with being the leader of the Mau Maus, as "urbane, charming and cosmopolitan." Nevertheless, the chapter on Kenya is very revealing and interesting, even to those who know that part of the world.

Despite a tendency to write too much in the style of *The New Yorker*, Mr. Meeker has presented an enormous mass of facts so humorously that the reading of his unusually long book was a very pleasant experience.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—From "Doctor to the Islands."

The Davises—"the civilizations of Polynesia and the West overlapped."

Science in the Sun

"Doctor to the Islands," by Tom and Lydia Davis *(Little, Brown. 331 pp. $4.50), is a report by a young physician and his wife on their efforts to raise health and living standards in Rarotonga, a romantic South Sea island. Robert Payne, who reviews it here, is the author of "The Revolt of Asia" and other books.*

By Robert Payne

"MY MOTHER and my grandmother were Polynesians of royal blood; my grandfather was a Welshman, my father part Welsh, part English . . ." So Tom Davis describes himself with a hint of pride, and so might Daniel Defoe have started a novel about the adventures of an obscure islander in the Pacific.

There is more than a touch of Defoe in "Doctor to the Islands," the story of a young doctor from the romantic high-pinnacled island of Rarotonga who obtained a medical degree in New Zealand and returned to set his beloved islands by the ears.

Returning to Rarotonga at the age of twenty-seven, with his New Zealand wife, Dr. Davis found the islanders dying of the disease of civilization. They had no stable economy, and very little to live for. Too many of them were sick, and all of them suffered from the hopelessly inefficient paternalism of the New Zealand Government, which ruled the island through a resident commissioner: all documents to be signed in triplicate and the natives must realize that the commissioner has their interests at heart. Once the islanders had been warriors, sending their long boats across the five thousand miles of the Pacific which separated them from Peru, possessors of an indigenous civilization, cannibals who composed epics and fashioned a way of life superbly adequate to their needs. The civilizations of Polynesia and of the West had overlapped, creating a terrible deadness at the juncture.

Davis arrived in Rarotonga, after a sixteen-year absence, in December 1945. He boiled over. The hospital was a mess. He found that penicillin and the sulpha drugs were never used, there was no proper blood-transfusion apparatus, and no one seemed to be bothering about the appallingly low resistance of the Polynesians to tuberculosis. Mosquitoes covered the island in clouds, with the result that half the population suffered from painful septic ulcers, and there were far too many cases of yaws and filariasis, a form of elephantiasis produced by mosquitoes. The witch-doctors still ruled. It was all a nightmare.

DAVIS decided to put the hospital in order and then hammer out a long-term plan of educating the islanders. The resident commissioner was appalled, but the New Zealand Government was more sympathetic. Soon the mosquitoes were being cleared away and new drugs were being flown in. Inevitably Davis discovered that good health, a sound economy, and a rising standard of living were inseparable: for brief periods he became a member of the island legislature and made speeches demanding that New Zealand should encourage the economy of the Cook Islands. It sounds dull. As Davis recounts his battles, it is wildly exciting and very human. Strong-willed, tactless, conscious of his position as a descendant of a once-reigning family, he was determined to employ Western science to the advantage of the islanders, and he seems to have succeeded, so that we are presented with a kind of small-scale blueprint showing how the West can most successfully influence the East. It is in this sense that the book has an importance out of all proportion to the context of 18,000 Polynesians living in the Cook Islands, of which Rarotonga is the largest.

But the book is more than a tract for the times. The authors—half the book is told by the doctor, the other half by his wife—tell stories well. They succeed in making the lives of the Polynesians vivid and credible. Lydia Davis has an eye for amusing detail, and she offers a notable glimpse of that eccentric genius Robert Deane Frisbie, whose Polynesian stories have been overshadowed by the more commercial products of Nordhoff and Hall.

To give full measure, they have concluded their story with an account of the extraordinary journey they undertook in a forty-five-foot ketch, the *Miru*, from Wellington, New Zealand, to Callao, Peru, and then on to Boston through the Panama Canal. A year after they reached Boston, where Davis pursued postgraduate studies at Harvard, the ketch foundered in an Atlantic storm in Marblehead Harbor. An ironic ending to a good book. The writing is no great shakes, but a strong, clean healthy wind blows through it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Orange-and-Black Ferocity

"The Tigers of Trengganu," by A. Locke *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 191 pp. $3.50), is an account by a British lieutenant colonel to reduce the dangers from man-eating and cattle-eating tigers in Northwestern Malaya. Below it is reviewed by Edison Marshall, author of "The Bengal Tiger" and other novels of high adventure.*

By Edison Marshall

WHEN Lieutenant Colonel A. Locke was ordered to Northeastern Malaya his official job was to put down Communist terrorists. He soon discovered that other public enemies skulked the jungles skirting the rubber plantations. These were man-eating and cattle-killing tigers, who attacked by stealth, slew, vanished, and returned to slay again.

The Colonel's campaign against these killers—starting from scratch, since he had never encountered such elusive, cunning game before—furnishes us one of the best big-game books in several seasons, "The Tigers of Trengganu."

Colonel Locke makes very little mention of the two-legged terrorists. Now and again an officer friend or some native detachment was ambushed and slain, but this does not seem to have slaked his zeal for the chase. The fact will be especially impressive and almost spine-chilling to the very few American readers who have hunted tigers. The sport demands intense concentration. A wounded or man-eating tiger in the bush, subtle, patiently waiting his chance, almost certain to attack by surprise, would seem nerve-wracking enough without the menace of a machine-gun burst from the sidelines.

The book will prove informative even to old shikaries, let alone to laymen. A cool, competent observer, he tells of the daily life of tigers, their habits of hunting and killing, the training of the cubs by their mothers, their outcries ranging from an angry pussycat hiss enormously amplified to the incredible caterwauling of mating tigers, and even their gruesome ways of eating human prey. He repeats, but does not attempt to explain, a tiger mystery noticed by other hunters. The largest—outside of long-haired cold-natured Siberian tigers—are found in India. There an old male will occasionally measure ten feet "pegged out"—a straight line from nose-tip to tail-tip. East and west of India tigers grow smaller and appear somewhat less lethal. However, Malay tigers are beautifully marked and great trophies.

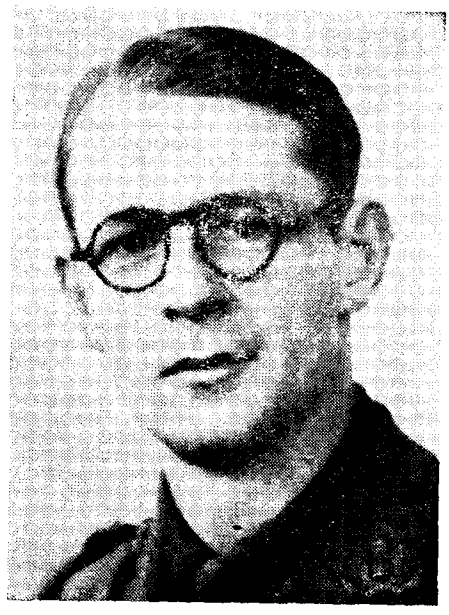
COLONEL LOCKE modestly remarks that lying in wait by tiger kills and shooting the beasts when they return to feed is not as sporting as shooting driven tigers. The statement is a rash one for which other hunters may take him to task. Tigers are driven by long lines of beaters to batteries of waiting guns. The whole affair is a gala one, usually given by a maharajah. On the contrary, Colonel Locke must lay his ambush with great care, wait alone on a rickety machon or sit on the ground in the night silence of the jungle, and if he wounds the quarry follow it and finish it off on foot.

He takes notes of his pounding heart during one of these waits—and expects us to be surprised! Also, unlike some of the pooh-pooh school of English sportsman, he is not oblivious to the spooky side of tigers, felt by most sensitive observers. The book is well written, interesting throughout, often exciting. It will open the eyes and widen the horizons of a good many readers; and along with other tiger-hunting books of late, it is very likely to make Southern Asia a rival of East Africa in attracting big-game hunters.

Actually some great adventures wait them there, because there will be no "white hunters" to pinch-hit. Usually, when they meet *Bagh*, they will be all alone in the dark. But few will recount their exploits as well or as modestly as has Colonel Locke in "The Tigers of Trengganu."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Joseph Wechsberg. 2. Vern Sneider. 3. Robert Anderson. 4. Nancy Mitford. 5. Thomas Lodge. 6. Henrietta Buckmaster. 7. Alexander Baron. 8. William Butler Yeats. 9. W. Somerset Maugham. 10. Edna St. Vincent Millay. 11. Sherwood Anderson. 12. Glenway Wescott. 13. John Steinbeck. 14. Nancy Barr Mavity. 15. H. L. Davis. 16. Rosemary Taylor. 17. Charles G. Norris. 18. P. G. Wodehouse. 19. S. N. Behrman. 20. Elinor Mordaunt.



Arthur Campbell—"rugged and dangerous."

Guerrilla Warfare

TROUBLE IN MALAY: "Jungle Green" (Little Brown, $4), by Arthur Campbell, reminds us that Indo-China is not the only place where the free world is at mortal grips with Communism at the moment. The British, ably aided by native troops and scouts, a sensible plan of attack, and a relatively enlightened colonial administration under General Templer, have been fighting red guerrillas in the Malayan forests for the past five years. Unlike the long and frustrating struggle of the French, their campaign has brought gratifying results. The once well-organized Communist forces have largely been split into ineffectual terrorist bands, for the time being, at least.

This rugged and dangerous kind of tracking warfare, punctuated by ambush and counter-ambush, is explained in personal terms by Campbell, a British Army major who helped lead several forays against one particular Communist chieftain, a brutal and clever Chinese named Liew Kim Bok. Before Liew was finally shot down the British and their native trackers paid a stiff price in blood, disease, discomfort, and severely jangled nerves.

During lulls in the shooting, the book is fairly slack going. Somehow the author never quite manages to make his undoubtedly brave men and their loyal Malayan allies anything more than stereotypes. However, we haven't heard much about the war in Malaya and the operational passages are good military writing. It obviously hasn't been a piece of cake out there.

—J. M. FLAGLER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

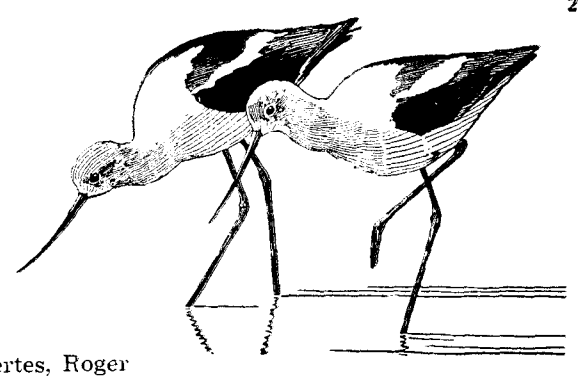
Weekend

Continued from page 21

of bird paintings. In short, artists must live by producing what they can sell.

There have been distinguished painters of birds since Audubon, and some of them are now at work. The best, like Audubon, are field naturalists as well as artists, studying their subject more thoroughly than Audubon could, and painting from life. Their life studies are aided by all of the devices of modern photography; files of color and black-and-white pictures, and more recently motion pictures, are the tools of their art; their floral and faunal specimens, when not living, are drawn from rich study collections of museums.

The artist puts his intelligence and knowledge into his pictures in ways that are not possible for the photographer, who can only give us what he chances to catch with his camera under rigidly limiting conditions. The picture which the artist creates is no lifeless figure; it is an authentic and vibrant synthesis of the living creature in its typical habitat, in characteristic pose, going about its commonplace activities. The world of art as well as the natural sciences would be poorer indeed without the paintings of Louis Agassiz Fuertes, Roger Tory Peterson, Peter Scott, Walter Weber, and Frances Lee Jasques.



Avocets.

"Birds of Washington State," by Stanley G. Jewett, Walter P. Taylor, William T. Shaw, and John W. Aldrich (University of Wisconsin Press, $8), remedies a real deficiency in ornithological literature, for there had been no systematic description of the birds of this state since 1909. Washington is significant to ornithologists as our most northwestern state, a meeting place for southern and northern fauna, including the Alaskan, which is enriched by an intrusion of eastern forms reaching Washington by way of Canada's bridge of trees lying north of the plains. It is also a region of unusual interest because its varied physiographic features offer substantial areas in five major life zones: the upper Sonoran of the interior river plains, the transition zone (both humid and arid, timbered and timberless), the Canadian, the Hudsonian, and the Arctic. The book gives the geographical distribution and the seasonal occurrence of each species or subspecies in the state, with convenient range maps, and with considerable information about the characteristics, mannerisms, food habits, nesting, and other aspects of the birds.

"Birds of Washington State" reflects the old rather than the modern style in state bird books. There is regrettable overemphasis on subspecies, making the subspecies, rather than the species, the unit of discussion and even introducing vernacular names for each subspecies. The subspecies is the conceptual tool of the taxonomist; it is unfortunate to encourage field observers to report on the basis of distinctions which cannot be recognized in the field. A more serious fault is the departure from sound ecological principles in labeling hawks as good or bad from man's viewpoint without any recognition of their essential role in all wildlife communities.

"Audubon Guides: All the Birds of Eastern and Central North America," by Richard Pough (Doubleday, $5.95), and **"Cruickshank's Pocket Guide to the Birds, Eastern and Central North American,"** by Allen D. Cruickshank (Dodd, Mead, $2.95), are presented as supplements to, rather than competitors with, Peterson's "Field Guide to the Birds," and both are offered for the beginner. The Cruickshank book will be welcomed for the fine, if small, color photographs by Helen Cruickshank, as they appeared in *Woman's Day,* and for A. D. Cruickshank's helpful discussion of field identification and his emphasis on family traits. However, it is not adequately illustrated as a guide for beginners.

"Audubon Guides" offers in one volume Mr. Pough's "Audubon Bird Guide" and "Audubon Water Bird Guide." Virtually all the birds of eastern and central North America are portrayed in color by Don Eckelberry, whose growing competence can be seen in the more lifelike forms and crisp plumages of the water and game birds. Nevertheless, the "Audubon Guides," lacking truly analytical drawings and text, are second to Peterson's "Field Guide" in providing a sure basis for field identification. Mr. Pough has, however, created an extremely useful bird book, with helpful notes on habits and habitats which effectively supplement the identification guides.

"A Guide to Bird Finding West of the Mississippi," by Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr. (Oxford University Press, $6), a companion volume to Pettingill's eastern guide, is first of all a Baedeker for those whose hobby makes every journey an adventure. Through the cooperation of some 300 bird watchers, it is an extremely practical guide to finding the better birding areas, with specific instructions for reaching each locality and an indication of the birds to be anticipated. Special attention is devoted to the national wildlife refuges and the national and state parks and forests. The finest feature of the book is the discussion of physiographic regions and biological communities which introduces each chapter. With such assistance, the visitor enters a new region not only prepared to identify the local birds but also equipped to understand their places in the wildlife communities he finds. Here in compact form is the essence of what one would seek in any state bird book.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 583

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 583 will be found in the next issue.

AJSOFUNGGB X YNQJ UF

JURYEOXNOV ZFS

FSINUXCJK HJJSXUI

OJLRXFUO, MER X YFGK

RYNR RYJ OAFURNUJFEO

SXIYR FZ SNOAMJSSB

OYFEGK MJ KJUXJK RF

UF FUJ XU NVJSXLN.

—YJBPFFK MSFEU.

Answer to No. 582

There is always one man to state the case for freedom. That's all we need, one.—Clarence Darrow.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Onward and Wayward

PUBLISHERS will tell you they do not make money publishing plays in book form. They do it because the play is a personal favorite, because the author is in their stable, or for whatever publicity and promotion value there is in associating with the glamorous world of the theatre. "Our problem," confesses one editor, "is not how to make money on plays, but how to keep the losses down to a reasonable figure."

Perhaps this statement explains the timidity and general lack of imagination in the current approach to play-publishing. Means have been found through the Fireside Theatre and steady library sales to hold the red ink to a trickle. With such a system promotion activity often serves only to complicate matters. If the campaign is a failure it adds to the loss. If it is a success it pushes the book into a second edition, which more often than not loses more money. This is not always understood by playwrights, naturally eager that their plays be read. Sam and Bella Spewack, whose "My Three Angels" and "Kiss Me Kate" were published during the past year, were puzzled when the first edition of each had been nearly sold out, yet neither book advertised. Say the Spewacks, "If there is no money in play books why do publishers put them out? And if there is why don't they advertise?"

While there may be no easy solution to the problem, it was suggested in these columns (*SR* July 4, 1953) that the product might be improved. First, a preface or two by the author, director, or even a newspaper interview with the star should be included. Next, there should be footnotes explaining where the printed version differs from the play as seen in the theatre. And, finally, some of the designer's and costumer's drawings, which have more style and reproduce better than photographs, should be utilized. A week later a note came from Random House applauding the article, and it looked as though reform was on its way.

Since that time Random House has published nine Broadway shows ("Tea and Sympathy," "Sabrina Fair," "The Little Hut," "Ondine," "In the Summerhouse," "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker," "The Prescott Proposals," "Anniversary Waltz," and "The Golden Apple" ($2.75 each), and not one contains any of the suggested features. What Random House did do was to attempt a more lively and colorful dust jacket on some of these books, apparently on the theory that you can't tell a poor book by its cover.

Other publishers have done no better. Putnam with "The Teahouse of the August Moon" ($3), Viking with "Ladies of the Corridor" ($2.50), Harcourt, Brace with "The Confidential Clerk" ($3), Doubleday with "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial" ($2.75), and Coward-McCann with "Mademoiselle Colombe" ($3), were content to follow the sure small-loss formula. Only New Directions with "Camino Real" ($3) and "Under Milk Wood" ($3), St. Martin's Press with "The Burning Glass" ($2.50), and Knopf with "Kiss Me Kate" ($2.75) took the trouble to give their readers prefaces.

In the matter of selection, as usual almost all the Broadway shows are available either in the above form, in clothbound editions published by the Dramatists Play Service and by Samuel French, or in paperbound acting versions (90c) likewise published by the latter two companies. Also as usual, only the two finest works have so far failed to find a publisher. Alfred Hayes's "The Girl on the Via Flaminia," which was, in my opinion, the best play of the 1953-1954 season, stands only a slight chance of being published by Harper's, who brought out the best-selling novel. (Ironically it was first written as a play.) However, chances seem a shade better that Samuel French will put it out in an acting edition, although it is hardly for squeamish amateurs. The other peak of the New York season, Marc Blitzstein's superb translation of "The Threepenny Opera," is still unavailable in printed form, although you can hear most of the lyrics in the excellent M-G-M recordings of the Brecht-Weill masterpiece.

According to Miss Marjorie Seligman, our reliable correspondent from the Drama Book Shop, another important factor in the sale of playbooks is immediacy. If a new play by a prominent author is announced for production, or gets a favorable report on its overseas debut, there is an immediate demand for it in her bookshop on West 52nd Street.

Of the coming season's new plays, the publishers have already issued "The Living Room" (Viking, $2.50), "Home Is the Hero" (Macmillan, $2), "Moon for the Misbegotten" (Random House, $2.75), "Under the Sycamore Tree" (Plays of the Year, Vol. 7, British Book Centre, $4), and, in Volume 8, "Dear Charles." While it is doubtful that the "Dear Charles" fans include many of the followers of Jean Anouilh, Volume 8 also contains that great playwright's wonderfully ironic "Waltz of the Toreadors." Some importations that could easily be published here in advance, but aren't, include "Witness for the Prosecution," "The Boy Friend," and "Quadrille."

Of course, Christopher Fry will be represented by his latest, "The Dark Is Light Enough," starring Katharine Cornell; the Oxford University Press is rushing to get out the book, while Miss Seligman turns away a large number of customers daily.

THE rest of the play books divide themselves into two general categories. There is the old play with a new excuse for being published. The best of these is the large well-bound edition of "Cyrano de Bergerac" (Heritage Press, $5). It is a new translation by Louis Untermeyer, prettily illustrated by Pierre Brissaud. This kind of book is on the right track, offering all the features that entitle it to that ever-diminishing space on your bookshelf. Pirandello's "Right You Are" (Columbia University Press, $4) appears in an Eric Bentley translation and, while there are no colored drawings, Professor Bentley has appended more than enough notes and diagrams to keep the most scholarly director occupied and happy. Dudley Fitts, who has retranslated Aristophanes's "Lysistrata" (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), offers you nothing but the play itself. The same is true of the paperbound Grillparzer series, "The Jewess of Toledo" and "Sappho" ($3 each).

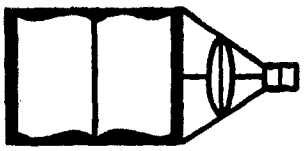
The second category is the new play which hasn't yet, and in most cases never will, get a Broadway showing. Of these the most respectable usually appear in collections. "Five Plays by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A Solid Gold Click"—Walter Winchell
"It is a very funny show"—Gibbs, The New Yorker
Max Gordon presents
The SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
by HOWARD TEICHMANN and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
LORING SMITH
staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
SEATS NOW FOR ALL PERFS. THRU OCT. 9TH
Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.: $4.60 to 1.73. Fri. and Sat. Eves.: $5.75 to 1.73. Wed. Mat.: $3.45 to 1.15. Sat. Mat.: $4.03 to 1.15. Tax Incl.
air-cond. MUSIC BOX 45th St. West of B'way
CI 6-4636. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

To New Authors
We will publish, promote, advertise and distribute your book. We are rated officially as the 10th largest U.S. publisher of worthwhile books of all subjects. Our successful plan insures prompt publication. Manuscript reports in one week. No obligation.
Send for free Brochure R for details.
Pageant Press, Inc. 130 W. 42nd St., N.Y.

BULLFIGHT POSTERS!
Authentic full-color Bullfight Posters, printed in Spain: from Plaza de Toros de Madrid, Granada, Seville, y Valencia. Featuring Spain's most renowned matadors: Manolete, Bienvenida and others. Printed in vivid colors with complete description in Spanish of matadors, dates, bulls. Genuine collectors' items; ideal for den, patio, bar. Each 21" x 40". 2 for $3.00 ppd.; complete set of four, $4.00 ppd. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Order from importer:
MANUEL REYES ANDALUZ
29 Sixteenth Avenue, San Francisco, California

The Saturday Review on Microfilm
Clear, sharp prints that save library storage space and costs. Vols. 1-33 (1924-50), $260; Vol. 34, $8.45; Vol. 35, $8.40; Vol. 36, $9.20. Order direct from—

UNIVERSITY MICROFILMS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Film Programs Puzzling?
Complete New index of 16mm film reviews and feature articles which have appeared in *SR*'s "Ideas on Films" and "Film Forum" now available.
Send 10¢ in stamps to cover handling and postage to
FILMS
THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street
New York 36, N. Y.

Edmund Wilson" (Farrar, Straus, and Young, $6.50) contains the new "Cyprian's Prayer," in which Mr. Wilson uses a fairy-tale to convey his attitude toward the current revival of religion. Another pentalogy is "Five Plays by Kaj Munk" (American-Scandinavian Foundation, $3.50). This volume makes available in English some of the late Danish dramatist's better works. Margaret Mayorga goes on offering encouragement to writers of one-act plays with her annual "The Best Short Plays of 1953-1954" (Dodd, Mead, $3.75). And perhaps of most interest is the volume containing "The Maids" and "Deathwatch" (Grove Press, $4.75), by the controversial Jean Genêt, with an introduction by Jean-Paul Sartre.

TEN for followers of modern verse drama the year's most important non-Broadway contributions have been Archibald MacLeish's "This Music Crept by Me Upon the Waters" (Harvard University Press, $1.50); Richard Eberhart's "casting off of the quotidian to deal with an American scene" in "The Visionary Farms" (New World Writing, #3, New American Libary, paperbound, 50c); and Robinson Jeffers's "The Cretan Woman," currently playing at Greenwich Village's Provincetown Playhouse and contained in "Hungerfield and Other Poems" (Random House, $3).

But no individual speech from these plays is recalled quite as vividly as the epithalamium to Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer in V. R. Lang's "Fire Exit," produced off Broadway by Herbert Machiz last winter:

He taught her how to shiver glass
To sound a bell and tell entire scales, until
She could perform with him at country fairs
And carnivals, upon a tray of glasses, playing
Favorites—"Sorrento," "Wagon-wheels," and so on.
Later in their love, she learned the glockenspiel.
They had an act with little dogs that danced,
And barked in numbers.
Then as the Mortimers, they grew famous,
And played theatres, until at last
They could afford their marvelous birds
Which waltz, and fire cannon, and tell fortunes.
Because he loved her, he created their career,
Began all over, took her in, and celebrated her.

Of course, since that is one of the few things you might like to keep in your library, no publisher has considered printing it. Amen.

—HENRY HEWES.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
"SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS"
In CINEMASCOPE starring
JANE POWELL · HOWARD KEEL
with JEFF RICHARDS
RUSS TAMBLYN · TOMMY RALL
Screen Play by ALBERT HACKETT & FRANCES GOODRICH and DOROTHY KINGSLEY
Lyrics by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by GENE de PAUL
Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
Color by ANSCO
Directed by STANLEY DONEN
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
An M-G-M Picture
ON THE GREAT STAGE
"DUTCH TREAT"
Gala new revue produced by Leonidoff . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club . . . Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Documenting the West

—From "The Vanishing Prairie."

The coyote's size and hunger matched against the razor-sharp teeth of the prairie dog.

BY ONE of those curious ironies for which Hollywood is justifiably famous, in last year's Oscar distribution Walt Disney won no less than four awards—and not one of them was for a cartoon. For some time now his studio has found a profitable sideline in the "True Life Adventures"—films like "Seal Island," "Beaver Valley," and "Prowlers of the Everglades"—and, more recently, a series on "People and Places." Last year, as an experiment, Disney expanded a "True Life Adventure" into the feature-length "Living Desert." It had faults, both in taste and construction. But the public liked it, and Disney has answered with another full-length "Adventure," **"The Vanishing Prairie."** To his eternal credit, he has not been content merely to "give the public what it wants," repeating the errors of "Living Desert" simply because the film was popular. "The Vanishing Prairie" is vastly superior in its organization, more illuminating in its sequences, less facetious in its score and script. It is in every way a fascinating film to watch.

"The Vanishing Prairie" also profits from the fact that it deals with a single locale, albeit a vast one—the rolling green that stretches west from the Mississippi to the Rockies and south from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. It is an area rich in the history of our country and, while the film attempts neither to dramatize nor sermonize, there are repeated reminders of the changes that a brief century of civilization can bring to the wilds. Man does not appear in the film, but his unseen presence on the prairies has resulted in the elimination of some species, the virtual extinction of others, and—as in the case of the Rocky Mountain sheep—a drastically altered pattern for survival in still others. The camera shows us the wild life on the American prairie as it is today, but always with the suggestion of how it must have appeared to the eyes of the first pioneers to cross these fertile, teeming plains.

Disney's crew of eleven skilled photographers gives us delightful glimpses of multicolored ducks returning in the springtime thaw to their northern lakes, skidding clumsily across the ice, or rippling gently to rest on a fresh-water pond. As summer draws on we see the frantic courtship of the grebes, the stately mating dance of the whooping cranes, the rhythmic stamping of the sage grouse (on which, we are told, the Indians patterned their own dances). In one remarkable sequence we attend the birth of a buffalo calf; in another, a mother mountain lion feeding and training her ungainly young cubs. But in all probability it is the sad-faced, inquisitive prairie dog who will emerge as the hero of this film. Courageous, frisky, even foolhardy, he is constantly poking his blunt little nose into situations fraught with peril, or standing ready to protect his underground burrow against intruders many times his size.

As the summer wears on a flash flood drives these creatures from their homes. In the dry fall lightning transforms the prairie into a blazing inferno. Ever present is the threat of death; ever constant is the miracle of survival. Some measure of the stature of this film is the exciting way in which Disney and his talented staff have sustained that balance. Where "The Living Desert" abounded in gruesome struggles to the death, "The Vanishing Prairie" finds its greatest moments in the exposition of Nature's strange, diversified stratagems to insure the continuity of the species.

* * *

Complementing "The Vanishing Prairie" is a documentary record of the people who must inevitably vanish with it, **"The Cowboy."** Created with affection and understanding by Elmo Williams, a Westerner who as an editor in Hollywood has worked on such Westerns as "High Noon" and "The Tall Texan," it supplies the factual background for virtually all our classic Western plots. The drive north to meet the railroads, the fence wars between landowners and trail-drivers, the birth of the gunfighter—all are here in embryo, the confirmation of what we have seen so many times in fiction. Williams has collated his material well, setting first the background, then moving on into direct camera interviews and observation of the cowboy's life today—a routine that the old-timers may deride as "soft," but when one of the modern cowpokes declares at the end of a sixteen-hour day that he's "so tired he has to lean against the fence to spit" you can believe it. The last part of "The Cowboy" has a tendency to slip over into the travelogue approach, with shots of square dances, round-ups, and rodeos; the music is often cloyingly sentimental; and at least one of the sequences—a coyote attacking a calf—is too patently faked. Even so, there is an underlying sincerity to "The Cowboy" that overrides these deficiencies. At least, for anyone who shares Mr. Williams's affection for the West and its hardy breed of men.

* * *

Ever since "Lifeboat," a dozen or more years ago, Alfred Hitchcock has been setting himself little problems of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

movie virtuosity that apparently have come to mean far more to him than any of the scrapes or strains that constantly harrow his characters—and occasionally his audiences as well. This concern for the camera is certainly praiseworthy, but increasingly his enthusiasm for sheer technique seems to impose such synthetic restrictions, such absurdly artificial limitations upon the action of his films that the plot is all but swamped by the pyrotechnics. **"Rear Window,"** Hitchcock's latest, is a good case in point. Basically it is a neat and intriguing idea—a big-time photographer, laid up in his apartment with a broken leg, peeks into his neighbors' windows for diversion and becomes convinced that one of them has just murdered his wife. The police, of course, refuse to take the peeper seriously until, at considerable peril, his fiancée supplies the evidence. Not too new, perhaps, but still effective. And, as is generally the case with Hitchcock films, the studio has provided an expert and expensive cast, headed by James Stewart and Grace Kelly, which he has used with ingratiating effectiveness. Indeed, the beautiful Miss Kelly may be inaugurating a whole new style of movie kissing in her amorous scenes.

But somewhere early in the production stages of "Rear Window"—probably while the film was still being scripted—Hitchcock seems to have decided that he could trick up his story cleverly by photographing it entirely from within the confines of Stewart's Greenwich Village apartment, showing only what Stewart would see as he looked into the block of flats beyond his garden wall—a sort of backyard "Street Scene." With action taking place in several apartments simultaneously—and frequently seen with the stars in the foreground as well—the set-ups for both camera and sound must have been gratifyingly complicated. What becomes distressingly clear as the picture progresses is that all of these complications have merely cluttered the story with irrelevant characters, characters whom we must be content to view at a distance until Stewart finally picks up a high-powered telescopic lens to observe them better. Only then does the film begin to acquire the tension and suspense of a proper thriller. Hitchcock can imply the direst menace merely by showing the red coals of the murderer's pipe glowing in the darkness, or through quick glimpses—half seen, half heard—of Miss Kelly in his clutches behind a brick facade. By the time Hitchcock gets around to this sort of thing, however, it is almost too late.

—Arthur Knight.

TV AND RADIO

I Was A Juvenile Delinquent for the NAFBRAT

THE past month has been open season on television. First an organization known as the National Association for Better Radio and Television announced that crime and violence on the home screens had increased 400 per cent in the past three years and that kids should not be exposed to these programs. And then Senator Bricker of Ohio, chairman of the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, announced he was going to investigate the networks on general principles in the public interest.

Needless to say, the leaders in the television industry consider these announcements a blow lower than the second F in "Schraf$_f$t's."

But the announcement by the NAFBRAT about kids' reactions to certain programs should come as no surprise. The record will show that whenever there has been an increase in juvenile delinquency across the nation the adult population has always met in solemn conclave and come up with the profound pronouncement that some mass medium has not been a strict enough parent to their children.

When I was a child—which was pre-television, for that matter pre-Marconi—I played fireman one afternoon and flooded the basement of our home. My parents called a meeting and it was decided that my stereoscopic slides of Niagara Falls would have to go. And so, having been deprived of my three-inch screen, I began wandering around town and soon became a juvenile delinquent. Not a very good one, however. There was a makeshift clubhouse where we stored our bricks and bats that we had to support, and after two or three weeks of not coming up with my nickel dues I was marked a delinquent juvenile delinquent and my parents relented and I was back at my stereoscope. Crime would have to wait for a day when I had more time.

Similarly, a kid sitting around the house watching television these days hasn't much time to join the gangs that stroll our streets. As a matter of fact, it seems to me that in most of the most horrible crime stories which I've read in the newspapers lately it was the kids who have been abducted or raped or both. Adults committed the crimes.

At any rate this picture conjured up by the NAFBRAT of kids sitting around their comfortable living rooms watching crimes on their twenty-one-inch sets and then wandering out into the streets to become delinquents doesn't seem to come off. In the first place, I doubt that a kid would turn off the program before it's finished, and since they stay to the end they must see the criminal sent to his just dues. And any kid as impressionable as we are led to believe he is will be pretty impressed with a stiff jail sentence.

NOT only do kids not turn off their sets before a program is finished but the complaint I've heard most often is that it's difficult to tear them away from their sets. One six-year-old chap I know had quite a hassle with his mother when it came his bedtime and finally his father had to drag him off to sleep. As the old man undressed him he lectured him severely, impressing on him how important it was to mind his mother and when she said no more television that was it. The kid listened without a word and after being tucked into bed the light was turned off and the father started from the room.

"Daddy," the boy said softly.

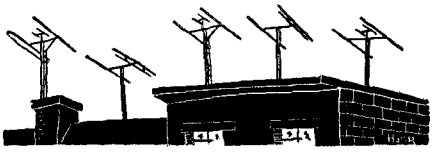
The father, proud of the effect of his lecture, came to the bed and the child motioned that he wanted to whisper something. Now would come the atonement and a promise to turn off the set when mother asked him to. Father leaned over to catch the words.

"Hoffman is the finest," whispered the child.

That's the impression with which sponsors hope to impress impressionable kids. And I'm firmly convinced that any kid who comes away from his television set impressed by a commercial hasn't the guts to become a delinquent.

As for Senator Bricker's promised investigation of television, I'm looking forward to it. And I wish he'd start with my set. Almost any afternoon I turn it on I keep getting something called Pinky Lee. Now, there's a crime.

—Goodman Ace.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Watching the Herring Marinate

GRAND MANAN, NEW BRUNSWICK. THERE were undoubtedly easier ways to make a living, and many an entrepreneur making it, the other chilly Tuesday when I took off in Mr. Gleason Green's tuna boat and chugged out into the gray depths of the Bay of Fundy in search of the island of Grand Manan.

Indeed, Grand Manan had been found before: by Champlain, who lost his anchor; by Willa Cather, who lost her desire to go anywhere else; by Captain Kidd, who had buried two hogshead of treasure at Money Cove; and by Franklin Roosevelt, who had come over from Campobello to look for it.

I was after, I must confess, neither Kidd's money, Champlain's anchor, nor Cather's sense of detachment, but an island where people eat toasted seaweed, the men take up knitting, the kids catch live jackrabbits, and the women bake cakes of gull eggs. This you have to see.

In a curious accent that is half-Birmingham and half-Bangor, Mr. Gleason Green proceeded during the three-hour run to explain why he likes to knee-it, meanwhile knitting himself up a storm. "You'd be surprised how many head I can knee-it up a jes' layin' aroun'." Mr. Green was knitting a net for a glass float, prized by fishermen and tourists, but he can also turn out parlor heads (the entrance of a lobster trap), bait bags, and "like-a-that."

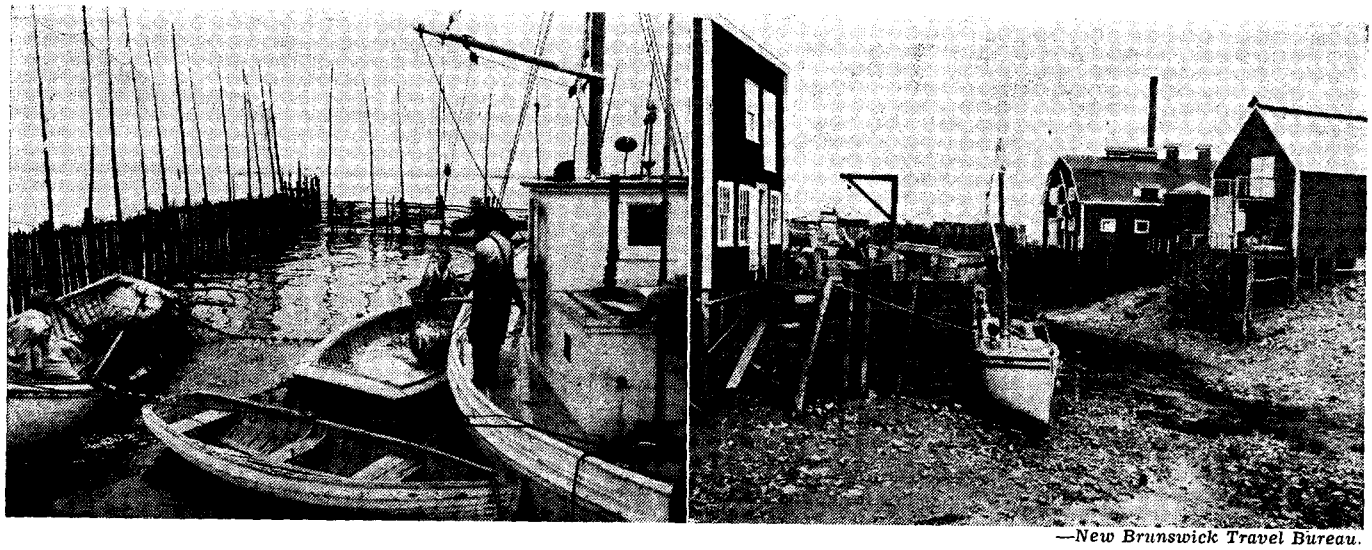
There are 2,700 people on Grand Manan, an island fifteen miles long, five miles wide, settled mainly by Loyalists who quit the Colonies after the Revolution. One Royal Canadian Mountie keeps the peace, and should there be a crime and the mountie get his man there would be no place to put him as there isn't any jail. Grand Mananers never lock their houses except if they're leaving the island on a long trip, and the boatmen borrow each other's wrenches, nets, and gasoline without ever asking.

The seaweed of Grand Manan, known as dulse, is a great New Brunswick delicacy and, since it is loaded with more iodine than an overstocked druggist, the leaves are highly prized for fending off goiter. After rattling around the Grand Manan roads for much of an afternoon we did manage to uncover some bags of dulse stored on the floor of somebody's garage, and I must say the New Brunswick hands went after it like camels chewing a date palm. To my uneducated eye it appeared a reddish purple, like oak leaves in October. To my shuddering nose it was a vintage halibut that had lain for three hours on the Boston dock in the August sun.

Inasmuch as Luther Burbank would have been hard-put to raise pure-bred crabgrass on Grand Manan, the island is largely a place of fish, and being a place of fish it is also a place of gulls. Skippers are fond of putting their boats into the clustering atolls known as Nantucket Island and Long Island to pick up a bucket of gull's eggs for lunch, and kids go for them along the 200-foot cliffs that rise along Southern Head. They are fine for cakes and are an especial abetment to a fluffy meringue. Besides being free of hay fever, the island is also free of porcupines, poisonous snakes, poisonous ivy, groundhogs, golf courses, tennis courts. For anyone not brought up in Labrador the waters are too cold for swimming.

DESPITE this notable absence of the normal accoutrements for a summer holiday, Grand Manan has a number of small inns and a growing list of vacationers. Quite the most charming place around is The Anchorage, a collection of gray buildings built of weathered shingles and trimmed with bright lobster buoys, driftwood, and daisies. The dining room has a bear

GETTING TO GRAND MANAN: A ferry leaves three times a week from St. Andrews-by-the-Sea and twice a week from St. John, New Brunswick. It carries six cars, takes three hours, and charges $5 per car and $3 per person. If you're coming by air Trans Canada Airlines flies DC-3s from Boston direct to St. John, or from Montreal to St. John. If you prefer rail travel Canadian Pacific Railways will deposit you at St. Andrews, a few minutes from the dockside where the ferry parks. Anybody coming up from the States by car can follow the East Coast Route 1 right up to Robbinston, Maine, where a new ferry just installed a few weeks ago will carry you to St. Andrews. Riding up from the dock you clear customs in a shed on a fairway of the Algonquin golf course, then travel cross town for the other ferry to Grand Manan. For anyone in a rush there are tuna-boats available which will depart on your schedule and stop to dally with a school of tuna en route if it be your whim. After all, it's your money.



—*New Brunswick Travel Bureau.*

". . . the people eat toasted seaweed, the men knit, the kids catch jackrabbits, and the women bake cakes of gull eggs."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rug on the floor, an Indian rug on the piano, a fire going in midsummer, and uniformed waitresses, all of whom wear blue jeans. Lunch the day I was there was a giant lobster, a garden-grown salad, home-baked rolls, and lemon meringue pie, which I judge was aided by a mother gull.

From the blue-trimmed terrace of The Anchorage there is a wide view of Long Pond Bay studded with the weirs or herring traps of the island fishermen. Weirs are mazes built of sticks and wire which fill with herring on the high tide. Then the fishermen come in boats and lower a seine, or drawstring net, over the catch. Weirs are semi-permanent installations, and standing on the flagstone with me, looking out to Long Pond Bay, Mr. Gleason Green was able to squint a weathered eye and name all the visible weirs in order, they being The Defender, The Hector, The Hard Tack, The Sand Flea, Marthy, Bonanza, and Gold Seeker.

THE tourist's day on Grand Manan might include a trip on a herring boat to seine a weir, or just a maritime excursion around the fringe islands. Come lunchtime skippers like Gleason Green turn up a fish chowder, getting a supply of haddock from a passing boat. To the fish, add potatoes (one per person), onions (one to four potatoes), canned milk, a pound of butter, salt, and pepper. A likely stop might be Seal Cove, where red and white houses are built on stilts at the edge of a network of inlets leading from the sea. Herring boats sail right up the streets on high tide and fish-house workers bring up the catch from the holds with red barrels lowered on winches.

Cods are salted and dried for export to the West Indies. Herring are skewered in the streets, loaded on racks then carried off to the smoke house, where they are perfumed with hickory smoke and sent upstairs to be skinned, boned, cleaned, and packed into wooden boxes. A nimble-knuckled woman can turn out four boxes a day and you can buy one for $2.50 which will give you enough canapes to last from now through next New Year's Eve. Should there be any herring left it is made into cat food, and what a cat won't eat is used for pearl buttons. If there is anything left after that it is just dandy for manufacturing foam for foam fire extinguishers. If a fire ever breaks out in Lindy's, New York's herring headquarters, just heave the nearest matjes.

The next best thing after watching fish is to watch birds. Grand Manan sits on the north-south flyway from the Arctic Circle, and birds are forever using a treetop for a motel en route to a Florida vacation. John James Aububon visited the island in 1833, and having thus been blessed, the place has been drawing birders ever since. Some 275 types have been spotted, including the red-breasted nuthatch, the saw-whet owl, the olive-sided flycatcher, and Leach's petrels, whatever they are.

There is game too, plenty of deer, muskrat, and raccoon, but no hunting for off-islanders. As for the rabbits, they were imported some years ago and soon began to eat everything in sight short of herring. The young men of the island, who might otherwise be picking up scratch change by delivering newspapers, trap the rabbits using a little box with a hole in each end. When the rabbit enters, the doors close, covering the holes. The youngsters carry sacks around, shaking the traps into the bag to remove the rabbit. The rabbit collector comes in his truck each morning, stopping at houses where the boys have displayed empty gunny sacks on the nearest telephone pole as a signal. A trapped rabbit brings about $1, and at these prices I don't see why the kids don't catch two rabbits and breed them. After all, they multiply faster than people. —HORACE SUTTON.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the last of three articles on Eastern Canada.*)

Traveler's Tale

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY: Every last notion ever handed a front-seat driver has been gathered in **"Traveling by Car,"** a paperbound guide to automotive travel (by Carol Lane, Simon and Schuster, $1.). Miss Lane is the house name bestowed on its women's travel director by the Shell Oil Co. She, or they, write a weekly tips-for-touring column which is given free to newspapers all over the country. While there are no bald plugs for Shell, the overall idea is to make automotive traveling a more desirable activity. Much of this column material has been gathered here into a collection of incidental intelligence on how to handle a traffic cop (don't play hard of hearing, deaf people have special licenses), how to take a cat on a trip (they are liable to get hysterical and leap out of the car in heavy traffic), how to make a camera-trap out of a spool of thread, a mouse trap, and leftover meat, what to do with a cranky baby whom you have taken on a camping trip in the woods. This is no where-to-go guide, but an appendix tells such things as dates of major rodeos, headquarters of state garden clubs, children's museums, and like that. —H. A. S.

Propemptikón

A NIGHT LETTER TO A TRAVELER BOUND FOR GREECE

(For M.C.B.)

By Marcia Lee Anderson

TRAVELER IN YOUR LOT
INCLUDE THIS FRIENDLY PRAYER
WHICH MAY ZEUS HEAR AND HEED AND NOT
DISPERSE IN AIR

TRAVEL THE OCEAN SEA
UNTRAMMELED BY DESIRE
ULYSSES'S PASSION EVER BE
A JOYOUS FIRE

TRAVEL THE MIDDLE SEA
WITHOUT POSEIDON'S CURSE
YOUR JOYOUS GUIDE APOLLO BE
ATHENE NURSE

TRAVELER DEAR TO ME
WESTWARD AT LAST TURNING
JOY IN YOUR FARTHEST TRAVELS BE
JOY IN RETURNING

POSTSCRIPT ARRANGE IN FOUR STANZAS WITHOUT PUNCTUATION WITH METER THREE THREE FOUR TWO AND THEN SURROUND THE WHOLE THING WITH MY LOVE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books for Young People

—*From "Impunity Jane."*

ANOTHER of the features we plan for this section is the presentation of the work of a number of new reviewers with a stimulating variety of viewpoints and who live in various parts of the country. Outstanding children's librarians, school librarians, and teachers of children's literature from the West, the South, the Midwest, the North, and the East, who have achieved wide recognition for their experience in using books with boys and girls and for their critical evaluation of the best in writing and illustrating for children will participate in our reviewing program. This month, as a starter, we present reviews by Helen Fuller, Supervisor, Work with Boys and Girls, Long Beach, California, Public Library; Aileen O'Brien Murphy, Administrative Assistant, Office of Children's Services, The New York Public Library; and Ruth Hill Viguers, Lecturer, School of Library Science, Simmons College, Boston.

—Frances Lander Spain,
Supervisor, Children's Services,
The New York Public Library.

MR. KOALA BEAR. *By Elizabeth MacIntyre. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2. Young children will enjoy this picture book with its bright, flat colors and its rhymed story of the visit of two little bears to Mr. Koala Bear in his penthouse in a gum tree, and of their disastrous efforts to be "helpful." The pictures showing Mr. Koala Bear's patient dismay over the results of the activities of the young whirlwinds will be very funny to preschool children, but adults who know William Pène du Bois's "Bear Party" may wish for more than two dimensions even in a nonsense picture book of koalas. When a book comes to us from another country (this author-illustrator lives in Australia) one cannot help hoping it will have a little of the flavor of the place of its origin. In spite of a quick glimpse of a platypus and a kangaroo, one has no feeling that this book emerged from any place but the nursery among companionable toy bears.

However, it is an amusing picture book, and good nonsense for the youngest children is always welcome.

—Ruth Hill Viguers.

MISS PICKERELL GOES TO THE ARCTIC. *By Ellen MacGregor. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Whittlesey House.* $2.25. In this fourth book in the series, Miss Pickerell flies to the Arctic, having offered to act as observer on a plane going to the relief of a stranded weather experiment expedition. She takes along a new snowmobile, bought for her cow's birthday present, which has the power of a tractor and the comforts of a trailer. This is a great asset in the rescue work. Again her resourcefulness and inventiveness turn near-disaster into success. The climax comes when she uses her umbrella as a sail to propel herself across open water on an ice island. As in the previous volumes, appropriate illustrations are provided by Paul Galdone.

While lacking the same degree of freshness and spontaneity as the first book, nevertheless it is fun and will be welcomed by those young readers of nine to eleven who are already clamoring for another Miss Pickerell book.

—Helen Fuller.

LITTLE WU AND THE WATERMELONS. *By Beatrice Liu. Illustrated by Graham Peck. Follett Publishing Co.* $2.50.

—*By Paul Galdone, for "Miss Pickerell Goes to the Arctic."*

Little Wu of the Miao tribe of Southwest China wished to buy a piece of jewelry for his mother, but had no money. To earn some he helped Old Ying with his garden, fed his father's two pigs, and pastured the water buffaloes. And, secretly, he tended two watermelon plants on a terrace high in the mountains surrounding the pasture. By harvest time he had sold his melons and had earned enough rice to purchase the ornament. However, the larger family need for land gave Little Wu an understanding of values that brought about a surprising but happy fulfilment of his wish.

Both Beatrice Liu and Graham Peck have lived in China and in their text and illustrations have recreated the spirit of the people, their love for the land, and the basic simplicity of family life. Though not a picture book, it is profusely illustrated with striking and colorful pictures, and will be enjoyed and read by younger children. The book has been given the 1954 Charles W. Follett Award.

—F. L. S.

IMPUNITY JANE: *The Story of a Pocket Doll. By Rumer Godden. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. The Viking Press.* $2.50. Impunity Jane, though a little china doll, was so sturdily made "you could drop her with impunity." The several generations of small girls to whom she belonged were quite insensitive to her wishes to go out in a pocket and see the world, and they kept her in a doll house, seated on a hard, bead cushion. Then one happy day Gideon rescued her and her life of adventure began.

Impunity Jane is a new and very engaging personality with an appeal for little boys as well as girls. Her story does not have the substance or the overtones of this author's "The Doll's House," but it is quite perfect in its own way, a fresh, gay story written with such charm and skill that adults will enjoy sharing it with children.

Rumer Godden brings to her writing not only careful craftsmanship but that quality so essential to good children's books, yet so rare, the sharp memory of childhood and the things of childhood. The illustrations are in such harmony they seem to have grown with the story. —R. H. V.

A BOW IN THE CLOUD. *By Margherita Fanchiotti. Illustrated by Moyra Leatham. Oxford University Press.* $2.75. Two boys and two girls—residents of the city where Noah lived but not members of his family—are the narrators of this tale of the days before the flood and what happened to the people and animals who took refuge in the Ark. The author has not told

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—By Moyra Leatham, for "A Bow in the Cloud."

her story in naturalistic terms. She has kept the essential quality of the Biblical outline, going beyond its simplicity to fill in important details and answer the questions of every child who ever read or had read to him the Book of Genesis. The whole has a candor and an innocence appropriate to that time when the world was young. For children in the nine-to-thirteen-year age group.

—AILEEN O'BRIEN MURPHY.

TOURNEY TEAM. *By C. H. Frick. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. This author is a newcomer and he certainly knows his basketball. Older boys will revel in the play-by-play description of the dramatic progress of the various games. Hillcrest High, in a typical small Indiana town, gets its first chance in years to compete in the sectional, the regional, and finally the state run-off for championship. Contrary to the usual formula, the team loses by two points.

The book is also the story of Rocky, a sophomore on the team, and his personal growth after he is asked to turn in his suit. He learns what it means to play hard, to play clean, and to have respect for the other fellow.

—H. F.

ROWAN FARM. *By Margot Benary-Isbert. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50. "Rowan Farm" carries on the story of the Leechows family begun by Mrs. Benary-Isbert last year in "The Ark." The latter volume, it will be recalled, transmitted a sense of excitement and tension in its account of a family experiencing displacement and rehabilitation. This is lacking in "Rowan Farm"; but the new book does portray the maturing of the children, the satisfactions of accomplishment, and the feeling of security that comes from problems faced and at least partially solved.

Young Margaret's wonderful way with animals, her suggested romance with the son of the owners of the farm, the father's return, an opportunity to go to the United States, and a black-market mystery carry the story to its climax.

The difficulties facing West Germany while it attempts to reestablish itself are reflected in the trials of the Leechows as they work courageously toward economic stability. Out of her own experiences Mrs. Benary-Isbert has written with warmth and understanding a worthy sequel to "The Ark." —F. L. S.

THE STARS ARE OURS. *By André Norton. World Publishing Co.* $2.75. Wild improbabilities and deeds of fantastic valor are the stock-in-trade of science-fiction authors. Good writing is not so common among them. André Norton employs all three in "The Stars Are Ours." She tells about a company of scientists and men of good will who escape from an enslaved and hideous Earth to travel a lifetime to a star in another galaxy. They manage to survive the endless journey through the use of a macabre mechanism which deep-freezes the explorers while they are in space, automatically defrosting them when their ship reaches a habitable planet. For boys and girls of ten to fifteen. —A. O'B. M.

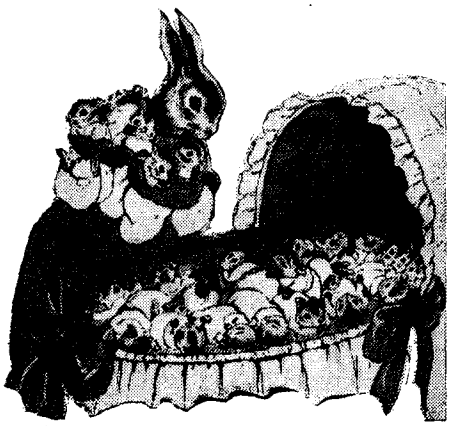
THE FIRST BOOK OF PHOTOGRAPHY. *By John Hoke. With photographs from*

Hardy Perennial

FOR the past fifteen years one of the most beloved books for children between four and seven has been **"The Country Bunny and the Little Gold Shoes,"** written by the late Du Bose Heyward and illustrated by Marjorie Flack (Houghton Mifflin, $2.75). It is credited "As Told to Jenifer," because when Jenifer Heyward was a little girl she would demand every night of her father, "Daddy, tell me a story." "What kind of story would you like?" he would ask her affectionately. "Tell me a story about a bunny," Jenifer would say, because she was crazy about rabbits and always had one for a pet. And the novelist-playwright, whose "Porgy" is currently being made into a movie, would on the spur of the moment spin yet another tale about the country bunny or the circus bunny or the numerous other busy bunnies whose adventures so delighted the child.

People sometimes asked Mr. Heyward why he didn't write down the yarns that he told Jenifer, but he was always too busy, he said. Then the summer of 1938 he and his wife, Dorothy Hartzell Heyward, who collaborated with him on the dramatization of "Porgy," went to the McDowell Colony in Peterborough, N. H., to work together on a musical version of "Mamba's Daughters"; and one day, waiting with the artist Marjorie Flack and a group of people to be interviewed by a Boston newspaperman, Mr. Heyward was prevailed upon to recite for them one of Jenifer's stories.

Selecting at random, he told about "The Country Bunny and the Little Gold Shoes." Miss Flack, who in private life is Mrs. William Rose Benét, was captivated with it and urged him to submit the story to a publisher. The next morning Mr. Heyward spent what he later admitted were the two most lucrative hours of his life typing it up. And, in turn, he insisted that Miss Flack do the illustrations. When the question arose as to whether the rabbits should be drawn realistically or in costume the author and artist left it to seven-year-old Jenifer, who said to put clothes on the bunnies.



—By Marjorie Flack, for "The Country Bunny."

Since Houghton Mifflin released it on April 5, 1939, "The Country Bunny" has gone into twelve printings, with a sale of more than 100,000 copies, and it is being published in England. Much of the book's charm for youngsters lies in the pictures by Marjorie Flack, who has written and illustrated many popular juveniles. Mr. Heyward, however, never wrote another, and Jenifer, who is rehearsing long hours this summer with the corps de ballet of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, doesn't remember her father's bunny stories very well any more. —ROCHELLE GIRSON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many sources and drawings by Russel Hamilton. Franklin Watts. $1.75. This is an excellent book to give to a child along with his first camera. It gives in direct, simple text and clear illustrations the principles of photography, how pictures are developed and printed, directions for operating a box camera, and suggestions about composition and ways of getting the most pleasure from photography as a hobby. In addition, it opens up the wide field of photography and its many uses and introduces the young enthusiast to the history of photography, a few of the world's great photographers, and some of the pictures for which they are famous. Like most of the "First Books," it accomplishes its aim of providing a child with a practical introduction to a new field in such a way as to stimulate interest and lead to further explorations of the subject. Numerous diagrammatic drawings supplement the photographic illustrations. —R. H. V.

THE SEMINOLE INDIANS. *By Sonia Bleeker. Illustrated by Althea Kerr. William Morrow.* $2. Miss Bleeker continues her fine series of books on the American Indians for younger children in this study of the Seminoles. Through the life of one Seminole boy, who might have been the great chief Osceola, the tale of the tribe's migrations from Alabama and Georgia to Florida, their settlements there, the wars they fought with the United States Government, and their final removal to the lands across the Mississippi is retold well. The capture of Osceola under a flag of truce and the division of the Nation by removing most of the people to Oklahoma does not make a pretty story. Miss Bleeker tells it simply and with dignity.

—F. L. S.

WORK BOATS. *By R. Frank, Jr. Illustrated by Rus Anderson. Thomas Y. Crowell.* $2.50. Boats are of perennial interest to boys—and girls—and this book will answer their many questions about the sometimes unspectacular but always useful work boats. Tugboats and dredges, ferries and barges, the fireboat, the lightship, the harbor sweeper, ore and wheat freighters of the Great Lakes, sponge and menhaden and salmon fishing boats, towboats and floating cranes are described and their special features explained in relation to the jobs they are expected to do.

Younger children will find this easy-to-read book entertaining and invaluable in their social-studies work; the better readers, who will enjoy the subject matter, will feel that the short sentence style is somewhat monotonous. Black-and-white illustrations and good design make this an attractive book for younger boys and girls. —F. L. S.

THE AMERICAN RIDDLE BOOK. *By Carl Withers and Sula Benet. Illustrated by Marc Simont. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.75. This book, so named because it is intended to entertain young Americans, will be a boon to every library. Among the 1,000 items are included every type of interesting riddle the compilers could discover: old ones, new ones, and some from foreign countries to contrast with those more famliar to us. Grouping by subject takes the place of a table of contents. Adults will find the introduction interesting with its discussion of the history of the riddling art and the place of riddles in folklore. The line drawings by Marc Simont are hghly amusing and perfect for the text.

Children of all ages will have a hilarious time sharing this book at home and with their friends. A good suggestion for a gift.

—H. F.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

BLAZE OF THE SUN. By Jean Hougron. Translated by Mervyn Savill. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75. The doings, centered around the late Indo-Chinese war, of a nefarious French doctor.

COLETTE. By Margaret Crosland. British Book Centre. $3.50. An affectionate portrait, based on Colette's novels and journals, in which we learn of her bucolic childhood, her three marriages (two unsuccessful), a brief bout with the stage as a mime, and the huge heap of novels and stories that have delighted several generations of worldly readers.

THE CUCKOO IN THE SPRING. By Elizabeth Cadell. William Morrow & Co. $3. A few hours in the hammock about a lightweight art dealer who turns up a lovely lady while assessing a miserly client's collection, and of how, with one thing and another, he eventually cages her.

THE DAM. By Murray Morgan. Viking Press. $3.50. A history of the Grand Coulee Dam, which was begun in 1933, and of the far-reaching industrial and agricultural effects it has had since its completion.

DARK MOON. By Helen Heney. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. The fiancée of a Victorian minister in Liverpool, New South Wales, disappears in a shipwreck and is presumed dead. The minister finds his new condition rather pleasing, but then one day, due to the machinations of a rogue, the girl is found. Hello, Enoch Arden.

DEVILMAN'S JUNGLE. By Gustaf Bolinder. Roy Publishers. $4. A totting up of the various ways witchcraft is practised in Western Africa, by a man who has seen them all.

GIVEAWAY. By Steve Fisher. Random House. $3.50. This one is about a young man who runs away from home one summer and gets mixed up with a girl and her mother who are professional amateur contestants on TV giveaway shows.

GOODBYE, MY LADY. By James Street. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. Some heartthumps about a fourteen-year-old boy who finds a valuable Basenji bitch wandering around in the swamps of Southern Mississippi, raises her, trains her, and then, in a lumpy moment, returns her to her rightful Northern owners.

THE GRAY CAPTAIN. By Jere Wheelwright. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. The War Between the States, and how it was fought by the members of I Company, formerly of the 2nd Maryland Infantry, commanded by an old and dear graylock named Captain Stowell. A novel.

THE HUMAN ANIMAL. By Weston La Barre. University of Chicago Press. $6. A study of man in the light of modern biology, anthropology, and psychology. The author is a professor of anthropology at Duke University.

THE JOURNAL OF EDWIN CARP. By Richard Haydn. Simon & Schuster. $3.50. Edwin Carp is a soft toast of a man who lives with his mother, an ailing gentlewoman whose memory has some notable gaps in it. This is his record of the forty-second year of his life, a brimming time, in which he finally loses his mother, carries on his duties as a landlord, and finally becomes permanently attached to Mrs. Maude Phelps, who has been waiting for him for nine years.

JUST HALF A WORLD AWAY. By Jean Lyon. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $5. An intimate look at modern India, based on recent travels through that country by an American journalist.

LOVES AND AMBITIONS. By Herminia Naglerowa. Translated by H. C. Stevens. Roy Publishers. $3.50. An account of the struggles for Polish independence as they were carried out by the Krauzes in the small town of Bory in the southern part of Poland in the years 1865-1867. A novel.

A PHILOSOPHY OF OUR TIME. By Bernard M. Baruch. Simon & Schuster. $1.75. First as given as four talks at the City College of New York, here is some of the advice and sagacity the Old Man has been dispensing practically since the Republic was founded.

THE PRIDE OF THE PEACOCK. By Ruth Chatterton. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. Miss Chatterton's third novel is about a married woman with one child, a girl, who simply cannot settle down to the narrow straits of married life, and must be gadding about all the time with whosoever takes her eye.

RETURN TICKET. By Anthony Deane-Drummond. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. Lieut. Colonel Deane-Drummond was another of those slippery souls who slid in and out of enemy prison camps at will during the last war. He tells us here of how he tunneled under barbed wire at the Swiss border to get out of Italy, and of how, again, he hid in a cupboard in a German guardroom for thirteen days before slithering away.

SAVAGE PAPUA. By Andre Dupeyrat. Translated by Erik and Denyse Mauny. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75. An account of the twenty snake-ridden, pest-ridden, disease-ridden years Father Dupeyrat spent in the New Guinea hinterlands as a priest and doctor. The time covered is from 1930 to 1950.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

Continued from page 17

fatal brushes with a psychotic killer who doesn't share his humane sentiments. All Largo wants to do, in Mr. Derby's story, is retire to the English countryside and stave off an impinging nervous breakdown. But after the fifth or sixth assault on his well-being the patient Englishman realizes that his retirement must be deferred for a bit, and he reluctantly takes off after his paranoiac adversary; "The Bad Step" then resolves itself into a traditional cat-and-mouse kind of thriller, with the hunter and the hunted occasionally switching roles.

Most of the activity in Mr. Derby's rapid-fire novel takes place in the volcanic atmosphere of the Malay Archipelago, with side trips to Gibraltar, Spain, and Great Britain. The geography in "The Bad Step" has the proper ring of authenticity, as does the predicament of its hero. The forbearance of long-suffering Largo verges on apathy, though, and the reader almost gives up on him before the final skirmish.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

SWEET FIFTEEN: I'll have to admit that I've never been a fifteen-year-old girl—but then, neither has F. Hugh Herbert, so we can approach the subject of his latest book with equal expertness. **"I'd Rather Be Kissed"** (Random House, $2.95) is purportedly the diary of a nominally fifteen-year-old girl named Dolores Keith, who would "rather be kissed than practically *anything*." I just don't know what to make of Dolores. She's sweet and amiable, and has enough sense to plug "The Moon Is Blue," another Herbert enterprise. But I can't believe, from the caliber of her memoirs, that she is really all of fifteen. Children grow like weeds in the sub-tropical climate of Pasadena, where Dolores lives, and a little girl may easily look twice her age. At any rate, she has tolerant parents, a gawky boy friend, and a cocker spaniel (of course). In addition to a consuming passion for italics, Dolores has a crush on almost all the older men she meets, which may or may not be due to the California climate again. Some of Dolores's enthusiasms almost have weightier consequences than she bargains for, but I think I can reveal that everything turns out pretty much for the best.

One gathers from "I'd Rather Be Kissed" that Mr. Herbert is a kindly man, but one would never imagine that he also possesses the bright sense of humor indicated by some of his earlier explorations of adolescence.

—M. L.

YOUNG MAN IN OLD MANHATTAN: The hero of John Tebbell's **"A Voice in the Streets"** (Dutton, $3.95) is a manly young fellow from Ireland named Timothy Duncan Stevens, a Kerry man if ever there was one, with honest blue eyes and a firm chin, both of

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
A MURDER IN PARADISE *Richard Gehman* (Rinehart: $3)	Violent death (1950) of Penna. college secretary and resulting trial.	Accent is on place of psychiatry in courtroom; nice reporting.	Fine documentary
BLIND GAMBIT *James Reach* (Coward-McCann: $2.75)	Innocent-bystanding NY credit man gets feet tangled in red net.	Characters largely stock; many socks on dome.	Grade-B Commie-chase
MURDER IN THE KING'S ROAD *Jane Boyd* (British Book Centre: $2.50)	Body in London antique shop divides Yard aces into two camps.	Lively, humorous, with some deft characterization; plot highly tortuous.	Amiably preposterous
THE GINGERBREAD MAN *Richard Parker* (Scribner: $2.75)	London newshawk, holidaying in Scotland, runs into violent censorship.	Wife, four tots, add to crisis as black-market biggie moves in.	Pleased to meet you, Mr. P.
NO TEARS AT THE FUNERAL *Helen Arre* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Seattle moneyed set depleted; Lieut. Mark Adair takes census.	Personnel prop figures; Who's Who needed to sort 'em out.	Overcomplicated

—SERGEANT CUFF.

WHY RETIRE FROM LIFE AT 60?

Why not instead BEGIN a new life of EXPLORING, LEARNING and DOING those interesting things you have always postponed?

Last year a group of men and women between 60 and 75 years gathered at this beautiful location in the Hudson Highlands to pioneer an "experiment in dynamic retirement."

The rewarding results proved to participants and professional observers alike that retirement can lead to new, constructive and positive LIVING experiences.

Why don't YOU start planning now to be one of the 20 men and women who will begin on October 1, 1954, the second adventure in dynamic retirement at the Cold Spring Institute?

Men, women or couples with college training or equivalent experience—plus faith in their own futures—are eligible. The costs are modest.

For details write the

COLD SPRING INSTITUTE
Cold Spring-on-Hudson 5, N. Y.
Sponsored by the Walt Foundation, Inc. a non-profit organization

Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte had to find the killer before the black law could take its revenge

SINISTER STONES

By ARTHUR W. UPFIELD

CRIME CLUB SELECTION $2.75

. . . The "Black Beauty" of Monkey Life

PANCHO THE MONKEY

By Annabel Wiseman Stephens

Children everywhere will thrill to the riotous adventures of a mischievous little orphan monkey who travels from the jungles of Honduras to Mississippi. $2.00

Pageant Press, Inc. 130 W. 42nd St., N.Y.

COLT FIREARMS by James E. Serven

New big deluxe (9x12) book. 540 Illustrations. The saga of Sam Colt's six-guns (1836-1954). Here's history with hair on its chest/Authentic, comprehensive.

A COLLECTOR'S ITEM IN ITSELF

SERVEN BOOKS Box 1777, Santa Ana, Calif.

WEST POINT FARMS

RELAXATION in quiet, restful atmosphere. Ramapo Mts. estate. Rooms with private bath. Modern. Health quality food.

CENTRAL VALLEY, N.Y.
Highland Mills 7895

WOULD YOU RISK 2¢

. . . to have your book published? Just send a post card for our free 44 page booklet, PUBLISHING YOUR BOOK. You'll be amazed at how easily and economically we can turn your ms into a successful book—even if you're an unknown. We will design, print, promote, advertise and SELL your book for you! Just write us!

COMET PRESS BOOKS 11 W. 42 St. N.Y.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which, it turns out, he needs before he has got very far into his adventures in the middle of the 1800s.

And perfectly good adventures they are. In the first chapter Timothy, having just stepped off the boat in New York, turns up hungry on lower Broadway, blacks out and is picked up by none other than Jeremiah Temple —of the banking Temples, of course. Then Timothy's eyes and chin really stand him in good stead: for what should Jeremiah do but set him up in the newspaper business, which, it so happens, is exactly what Timothy has always wanted to do? Honest Tim proceeds to outsmart those nasty Whigs, decides in all honesty between the banker's daughter and the poor but honest girl, and also understands with almost unsurpassed honesty the forces which prompt the banker's wife, now his mother-in-law, to walk right out on her husband and turn up later as the madam of a very high-priced house of prostitution in Paris (which Timothy himself can now afford).

Along with all these adventures, Timothy lets his readers, as well as himself, witness a rather spectacular chain of historical New York events and even such distant noteworthy happenings as Queen Victoria's coronation, for which, of course, he has seats in the Abbey. All of which helps make the book exactly what it sets out to be—a perfectly adequate and adventurous historical romance with which only a bounder would take the trouble to find flaws.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

THE LITERARY LIFE: "Anything that pretends to debunk a profession sells," says Andrew Cartwright, the worldly-wise publisher in **"Fann Marlow"** (Dutton, $3). If suave, canny, lissome Andrew is right "Fann Marlow" should fall into the eager hands of a myriad of readers thirsting for the lowdown on the literary marketplace. What they will find, in Jane Hardy's purported expose, will be a fustian love story of a dashing publisher and a lively literary agent, who has a kennel of eccentric clients.

Andrew and Fann Marlow, the agent, try to carry on their affair without paying too much mind to Andrew's wife. But she lurks annoyingly in the background, broad-shouldered, sensual, and filthy-rich. More annoying than Andrew's lingering spouse are Fann's odd customers, who punctuate her romance with their peculiar comings and goings. Nobody even approaching the normal ever enters Fann Marlow's busy domain.

Miss Hardy, a onetime authors' agent, seems familiar with some of the lesser gaucheries of the publishing trade. "I'm going to write true to life!"

Jane Hardy—"captures city's mood."

screams one novelist as publisher Cartwright puts him to the rack. But the frail author recants—and so does Miss Hardy, putting in all the sleazy nonsense that Fann Marlow rails against. On the credit side, Miss Hardy captures the mood of the city, an older New York than the one she supposedly writes about. But beyond that—not much. —M. L.

MAN ON THE LAM: There's certainly nothing heroic about Charlie Bell, the middleaged, slow-witted, forlorn hero of **"The Man in the Middle,"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), a first novel by David Wagoner. Charlie was inured to a luckless life, but beginning with the time he gets involved with a newspaperwoman who's been thrown off a train, and himself becomes the unwilling possessor of the political blackmail evidence for which she has been murdered, his bleak lucklessness turns into a positive, hounding evil. Not knowing what to do with the evidence (or even what it signifies), he decides to flee, thus beginning one of the most wearying runs in recent literature.

In the course of his panicky flight through the nooks and crannies of Chicago and environs Charlie runs into a number of citizens who help or hinder him in one way or another, including a crazy woman laboring under the delusion that he is a soldier who wants to elope with her, and with whom he has some moments which are, perhaps unintentionally, very funny to read about. In fact, the author frequently displays an ambivalent attitude toward his material which gives his story a rather disconcerting unevenness. But when he is describing Charlie on the lam he delineates the feelings, emotional and physical, of a hunted human animal with a sweat-drenched, observant realism which leaves the reader panting with an exhaustion that hardly seems vicarious. —J. S.

Innovators

(*Continued from page 8*)

were also fewer themes to write, less homework, less study of foreign languages, and a less thorough grounding in English. They were being prepared to get along with people rather than to manipulate words or ideas.

Writers born in the 1920s were children during the Depression, which most of them seem to have forgotten, although there are signs that the fear of poverty is still embedded in their minds. They served in the Second World War if they were old enough; many of them spent five or six years in uniform. They learned much about warfare, somewhat less about foreign countries, and more about Americans of all types, while they also acquired the habit of looking to the Government for food, clothing, and answers to the question, "What shall I do next?"

The habit continued for many after their discharge from the armed forces, since the Government sent them checks to pay for their education, with a few dollars extra for wives and children; most of them had married young. Meanwhile still younger writers were also having their share of military life—some with assignments in Korea—and were being taught to hold a similar attitude toward an impersonal, all-powerful, and all-nourishing state. In civilian life both groups would benefit from the longest period of prosperity this country has known—the state was also responsible for that, through its military spending—and both would learn to fear a sudden disaster in which their world might go down to ruin.

The younger group is sometimes called "the silent generation," though I don't know why—unless it is because they have published somewhat fewer books and magazine articles about themselves than their predecessors had published at the same ages. That comparative silence is largely the fault of publishers and editors, or rather of the public they serve, which seems to be less interested in hearing new voices than the public of the 1920s, with the result that more first novels than ever before have remained in manuscript. But the word "silent" may also refer to the fact that young writers have been expressing very few political opinions.

Once I thought that the failure to express opinions was due to caution, but later I found a second explanation. It is true that they aren't sticking their necks out, as they sometimes say of themselves, but neither do they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

want to be dogmatic about questions they aren't qualified to answer; they don't like people who "sound off." The young writers and their friends aren't at all silent in sympathetic company; in fact they are fond of explaining themselves, simply and with candor. Some of them say—I have heard the phrase several times—that they feel as if they were standing at the edge of a cliff: soon they might be pushed off, or the cliff might crumble.

Not many of them—or only one group—have displayed the personal recklessness of their predecessors, who believed that the ground was stable underfoot and that they could, if they so desired, assume wild postures without losing their balance. In these later days, when society itself is endangered, many young people have begun to appreciate the solid satisfactions it offers, including love, marriage, and children. They want to fall in love, get married, and have children while there is still time. If they are apprentice writers most of them want to study the technique of literature, defend its traditions, and learn to enjoy its pleasures; they aren't quite so eager to rush into print.

The generation as a whole seems to have no such hunger for social distinction as was felt by young men in the 1920s—by Scott Fitzgerald, for example, who wanted to make the best eating club at Princeton and marry "the most beautiful girl in Alabama *and* Georgia," as he boasted that he was doing. At Princeton forty years later every junior was elected to an eating club; the student body had decided that no one should be left out. At Yale the *Record* stopped printing the names of men pledged to the senior societies on Tap Day, so as not to discriminate against those who had been overlooked. Today young men don't try so hard to get their names in the papers or even to rise in the business world. "Why kill yourself earning a big income," they ask, "when the Government takes most of it in taxes?" They say, making fun of their modest ambitions, "A steady job, a little house near the golf links, and a big family." Again they say, "We want to be unmolested," and most of them conform to social rules in order to be molested as little as possible.

There is one fairly large group that refuses to conform and has waged a dogged sort of rebellion—against what it is hard to say, because the group has no program, but possibly against the whole body of laws, customs, fears, habits of thought, and literary standards that has been accepted by other members of the generation. The rebellion is individual and nihilistic; each of the rebels simply refuses to accept any model, in literature or life, that older people ask him to emulate. Some have made a cult out of heavy drinking, promiscuity, smoking marijuana, or almost any other forbidden pleasure, but their real delights are driving fast and well—if they can get hold of automobiles—and listening to cool jazz. They like to be "cool," that is, withdrawn. Last year they talked about being "underground" and called themselves "the beat generation"; it was John Kerouac who invented the phrase, and his unpublished long narrative "On the Road" is the best record of their lives. In two respects they are like the more conventional majority of young people: they take no interest in politics, even as a spectator sport, and they are looking for something to believe, an essentially religious faith that will permit them to live at peace with their world.

Whatever course of action the new writers have followed—whether they are conformists or think of themselves as a rebellious underground—they seem to be a new race of Americans, with a new relation to the state, a new picture of the world overseas, a new attitude toward love and the family, and generally with new values—although they bewail the lack of them. They have a new consciousness and a new subconscious too, one that leads to dreams of quiet self-esteem and violent nightmares of destruction. When among themselves they seem to be speaking a new language. Their realism about the world they live in and their level-eyed candor both hold a promise for the future. Even the nihilists among them, by rejecting everything old, seem to be clearing the ground for new structures.

I like and respect the new writers as a group. My one complaint against them would be that they aren't yet producing new works of literature. They aren't expressing their new sense of life. They aren't coming forward with myths and heroes—that is, with archetypical stories and characters—for the new age in which they live.

WHAT I am recommending to the younger writers isn't merely that their work should deal with new subject matter based on the private and public lives of Americans today. That would be a simple course of action, but they could follow it without producing a literature of their own. The fact is that new subject matter has appeared in some recent fiction. It can be found even—or perhaps one should say especially—in

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

The Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street,
New York 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for the term indicated below:

☐ One year . . . . . $ 7.00
☐ Two years 12.00
☐ Three years 16.00

Please note: The above rates apply to the United States and its possessions.

Canada: One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $19.

Other Foreign: One year $9, Two years $16, Three years $22.

Payment is enclosed ☐

Please send me a bill* ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone_____State_____

8-21

As considerable time is required to process a change of address, you are urged to notify The Saturday Review Subscription Department as soon as you know your new address, preferably four weeks in advance.

* *Payment is required with the order on subscriptions outside the continental limits of the United States.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the lower reaches of fiction, that is, in confessional magazines ("I Was a Call Girl") and in chain-store and supermarket monthlies, which make a special effort to deal with contemporary problems. There is also new subject matter, though rather less of it, in some of the serious novels by younger writers. One notes, however, that the style and structure of the novels, like the formulas of the magazine stories, are almost always tradition; some of the wine is new, but the wineskins have been used before.

It is of course possible that we have reached a wintry time at which our civilization has become incapable of creating new literary forms. Here I am thinking of Spengler, who told us that Western art was losing its vitality, like Roman art under the twelve Caesars. Others have pointed out that "The Decline of the West" contains many errors and misinterpretations, so that we can hardly accept Spengler as a prophet. Still, his two-volume work is full of historical curiosities and stimulating figures of speech.

Reading the second volume, I came across a long metaphor that suggests what has been happening to young writers in the 1950s. Spengler is about to discuss the Arabian or Magian culture, which, he says, originated in Syria and Mesopotamia and spread across the Roman Empire in the first centuries of the Christian era. It was completely new in spirit but, as it moved westward, it accepted the forms of the declining Classical civilization, so that there was a conflict between the forms and the new sense of life that was struggling for self-expression. To describe that conflict, Spengler uses the term "pseudomorphism," which he then explains:

> In a rock stratum are embedded crystals of a mineral. Clefts and cracks occur, water filters in, and the crystals are gradually washed out, so that in due course only their hollow mold remains. Then come volcanic outbursts which explode the mountain; molten masses pour in, stiffen, and crystalize out in their turn. But these are not free to do so in their own special forms. They must fill up the spaces that they find available. Thus there arise distorted forms, crystals whose inner structure contradicts their external shape, stones of one kind presenting the appearance of stones of another kind. The mineralogists call this phenomenon "*pseudomorphosis.*

By the term "historical pseudomorphosis" I propose to designate those cases in which an older alien Culture lies so massively over the land that a younger Culture, born in this land, cannot get its breath and fails not only to achieve pure and specific expression forms, but even to develop fully its own self-consciousness. All that wells up from the depths of the young soul is cast in the old molds, young feelings stiffen in senile works, and instead of rearing itself up in its own creative power, it can only hate the distant power with a hate that grows to be monstrous.

IT seems to me that a good deal of American writing after World War II, including most of the serious novels and not a little of the poetry, has been essentially pseudomorphic. One thinks of all the novels about the Second War that are written in Hemingway's early style, so that one pictures the authors as part of a beaten army falling back from the Isonzo. One thinks of the other Second-War novels—but sometimes they are the same books—that utilize Dos Passos's many devices for presenting a collective experience. He was using them to show that individuals are helplessly crushed by society, where most of the new novelists want to emphasize the resistance of good men to social pressures; often the borrowed devices end by defeating the authors' purpose. Again one thinks of the novels about Princeton and Cleveland and Long Island that are written under the shadow of Henry James and in the asthmatic, comma-dotted style of his later years—as if the authors were tired expatriates who had to pause for breath after speaking two or three words, instead of being young stay-at-homes bursting with energy.

There are other current examples of pseudomorphic writing. One thinks of the new avant-garde and its bold experiments, which were bolder when the Paris avant-garde performed them in 1920 or even 1910. One thinks of all the new poets in the tradition of T. S. Eliot, who himself started writing in the tradition of the forgotten Harvard poets of the 1890s, with their Greek learning, their mixture of paganism and Catholicism, their desire to achieve French worldliness, and their belief that poetic dramas are the highest form of literature. Eliot wrote the poems they had all tried to write; he even mastered the poetic drama, in which they had all failed. In the 1950s a battalion or two of little Eliots were trying to realize, for a second time, the frustrated dreams of Philip Henry Savage, Cabot Lodge, and Trumbull Stickney, whose names they had scarcely heard.

Yet the poets, and the novelists too, were more than imitators and epigoni. Underneath the old forms and methods was a new sense of life and perhaps the beginnings of a new culture, born in this land, but—as Spengler said of the Magian culture—it had not only failed "to achieve pure and specific expression forms, but even to develop fully its own self-consciousness." Although Spengler was thinking of a longer historical period, some of his other remarks might apply to our own times. In the 1950s, as in Alexandria under the Ptolemys and Rome under the Caesars, young emotions were stiffening in senile works, and I am sure that many young writers felt an unconscious hatred for the great figures of another day, who were forcing them into molds that kept them from breathing. Not being a Spenglerian fatalist, I believe that the new expression forms will appear before it is too late, but I don't know what they will be. There are all sorts of possibilities, of which I might try to list a few:

During recent times the novel has shown signs of becoming a frozen form resembling architecture rather than music. The form might decongeal and, instead of novels like funerary monuments, we might have loosely conceived narratives that carried one or many heroes through a variety of adventures.

The subconscious feelings of the age have revealed themselves more freely in so-called interplanetary fiction, and sometimes in hard-boiled detective stories, than in any conventional novels. Perhaps the visions of the interplanetary writers might be brought down to earth, or they might be treated by men of greater talent.

Poets might write more folksongs and ballads, as W. H. Auden did at one stage of his career. There are new and simple emotions waiting to be expressed in a new language.

The search for a religious faith

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1064)

MARION KING:
BOOKS AND PEOPLE

But memory is a tricky thing. Else how account for a fashionable figure of the past, which looks quite absurd now in a photograph, appearing in the mind's eye in all details still fashionable, its outlines falling into the outlines of today? Is chic immortal?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might lead to apocalyptic works, like those which appeared in such numbers at the beginning of the Christian era.

It is possible that the whole subjective and introspective tendency that has dominated the modern movement in literature—beginning with Baudelaire or Dostoevski or whatever great name we choose—is now drawing to an end. The new literature might be concerned not with personal feelings but with interpersonal relations. That would be a logical result of the new educational system, which is training children to get along with other children and be extraverts.

The new system is failing—it hasn't even made a serious effort—to teach the elements of good reading and writing to the millions. The possibility must now be considered that printed literature, in the future, will be read only by scholars. For the public at large it might give way to picture books, or to spoken and tape-recorded stories, or else to dramas and serials composed for television or the new medium that will come after it.

Whatever the new forms may be, I am not at all sure that I shall like them when they do appear. They won't be my forms and won't express my spirit, but I know they are needed if the new age is to become fully conscious of its own spirit. I can think of one way in which their appearance might possibly be hastened. Some of the new writers—not all of them, for literature is a broad field that permits many simultaneous efforts in many directions—but at least a few might abandon the study of advanced techniques and hidden symbols, along with the effort to reproduce what has already been written. Most writers of the new age have started by learning the traditional forms, into which they have tried to mold their subject matter; I am suggesting that they reverse the process.

Faulkner said in his courtly way, "I was coeval with the time when one could escape an education." A higher education is good for most writers, but some of them might try to evade it, like Faulkner, instead of studying his methods in postgraduate courses and trying to tell a story in his manner. They might start with the simplest things, as Hemingway says he did when he was learning to be a writer. They might tell what really happened, and to whom, and how they truly thought about it, not how they had been taught to feel or were expected to feel. Then the form of their writing would grow out of the subject matter and it might—in one case out of ten or a thousand—be as new as the sense of life it was intended to express.

The American West

Continued from page 15

organize the rush job of putting up a new dam before spring. He spent the summer in Ashton, Idaho, a Mormon town of six hundred that hospitably widened its arms and its moral standards to accommodate three hundred roughnecks.

The rest of this lively and ribald reminiscence recounts the events of a hard-working, hard-drinking winter snowbound at the dam site. As always, Mr. Paul peoples his book with tangy characters, some of whom are Elizabeth Wong, a Chinese Texan disciple of Sun Yat-sen, Wilfred Heron, a devotee of Spinoza who traveled in skull-cap and cloak, and Hanson J. McCaffrey, a lost hunter who wandered into camp, worried all winter about his wife's faithfulness, went to Boise that spring to spy on her from behind his new beard, and discovered that accident had imprisoned her in a veritable Gibraltar of a chastity belt. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

OIL FIELD HERO: In October 1930, in East Texas, a few hardened optimists were drilling into an oily shelf of sand known as the Woodbine blanket. Big oil company geologists knew better, but this was the Depression, and anything was worth a try. The optimists hit oil, all right; by the following August thousands of wells in about 300 square miles were producing a million barrels a day, and shoving the price down from a dollar a barrel to ten cents. They were also dangerously depleting the richest deposit of oil yet discovered in this country. Thus it was that Ernest O. Thompson, whose life story is ably told by James A. Clark in **"Three Stars for the Colonel"** (Random House, $4), was appointed to the man-killing job of trying to keep Texas from bleeding to death through her oil wells.

Thompson qualified for the post by being neither wealthy nor an oil man, but by having a statewide reputation as a war hero and reform Mayor of Amarillo. How he imposed sensible controls on the wild wasters of East Texas and gradually evolved a model system of oil conservation makes surprisingly interesting reading. It was in fact largely the Thompson conservation program that made possible the effective flow of oil to the Allied forces when World War II had cut off many foreign sources of supply.

Mr. Clark's book is a satisfying portrait of a kind of man who is little recognized in our country: the honest, competent, and devoted *appointed* public servant. —T. E. C.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 35¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 27¢ a word; 26 times 29¢ a word; 13 times 31¢ a word; 6 times 33¢ a word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS typed intelligently, promptly, reasonably. MIMEOGRAPHING—yes! MIRIAM LANCASTER, Hotel Vanderbilt (NYC). MUrray Hill 3-4000, Ext 55.

MSS. REVISED, TYPED PROFESSIONALLY by free-lance editor, wide publishing experience. Research, proofreading, indexing. KAHN, UNiversity 4-3101. Box P-970.

EDITING, TYPING, ALL FORMS of Manuscripts—Theses, Books, Plays. GHOSTWRITING theses, speeches, et al. All subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5690.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, promptly, correctly. Leroy Morgan, 814 Sunset, Benton, Arkansas.

PUBLICITY for writers since 1946. DICK TAPLINGER, 119 W. 57 St., NYC. PLaza 7-7770.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent; books, plays, stories, novels; all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colorado.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, 7 Park Ave. (34 St.), NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

WRITERS! Have you a book manuscript for sale? Evaluation and placement! Write for particulars! MEAD AGENCY, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC 16.

WE PUBLISH, print, and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 313 West 35 St., NYC.

TYPING. Manuscripts, etc. Electromatic. Fast. Accurate. Reasonable. BETSY ROSS, 57 West 45 St., NYC. JUdson 2-0840.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE: Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order Catalogue 40¢.

BOOKS

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book, we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St., NYC 38. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS, 32-page catalogue free. TRUTHSEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BACK NUMBERS

(Continued from page 41)

MAGAZINES—Over a thousand titles and a million issues. "BACK NUMBER" WILKINS, Danvers, Mass.

OUT-OF-PRINT

THIRTY YEARS of experience PROVES that people know WHERE to go for their out of print books. We make no extravagant claims! Dept S. AUDUBON BOOK SERVICE, 415 Lincoln Ave., Brooklyn 8, N. Y.

BOOKS LOCATED. No charge for searching. Send your wants. DELTA BOOK SERVICE, 2856D Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

COMPLETE STOCK—One of the largest Buyers, Sellers of hard-to-find books in the world. Founded 1900. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota.

FIND IT AT BARNES & NOBLE. Over a million books. Free search facilities. For 80 years one of the world's largest bookstores. Dept. L. BARNES & NOBLE, Inc., 105 Fifth Ave. (18 St.), NYC 3.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS NEED NOT BE COSTLY. Try us! International Bookfinders, Box 3003-B, Beverly Hills, California.

RECORD MART

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, New Jersey.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) finest imported make. English, Swiss fingerings. $4, $6, $7.50 up. Recorder music, recorder records. Free catalogue R84. HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

COLLECTORS' RECORDS—Vocal, Personality, etc. Available through summer. By appointment: REgent 7-7611. RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE, 530 East 88 St., NYC.

LANGUAGES

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY. At home learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Japanese—quickly, naturally—29 languages available by Linguaphone, World's Standard Conversational Method. You learn by listening—it's like living in a foreign country. Send for FREE Book. Call for FREE Demonstration. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 2608 RCA Building, NYC 20. Circle 7-0829.

PERSONALS

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, etc. $1 each. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported pearwood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

THERE'S A SURPRISE in store for Review Readers visiting Washington, D. C. They enjoy special all-expense tour rates at the 3 fine, friendly Manger Hotels—the Annapolis, Hamilton, and Hay-Adams. Tours as low as $10.95 include air-conditioned room and bath, sightseeing trips, broadcasts, etc. Write Harry Weissinger, General Manager, Hotel Annapolis, Washington 5, for advance reservations. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

MAKE MONEY AT HOME as renewal headquarters for all magazines. Liberal commissions. No experience—no capital needed. Supplies furnished. Write for FREE catalogue. McGREGOR MAGAZINE AGENCY, Dept. 750, Mount Morris, Illinois.

DID YOUR ANCESTORS come from Europe? You have the unquestionable right to display a Coat of Arms. Such a painting has no equal as a wall decoration. Our records cover approximately 220,000 families. HERALDRY INTERNATIONAL, 609 Market St., Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

ABC SHORTHAND IN ONE WEEK. $2 Returnable. ZINMAN, Box 386-S, Chautauqua, N. Y.

A GRAMMAR OF VIOLENCE—lead article on the Semantics of the literature of violence in the current issue of ETC., official journal of Int'l Society for General Semantics, edited by S. I. Hayakawa. Read how language forms limit thought, behavior. $4 year; trial issue $1. Write Dept. 33, 400 W. North Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.

PERSONALS

HOUSE WANTED to buy—Putnam, Westchester, Fairfield Counties, N.Y. Big house, small price, 6 bedrooms minimum, 3 acres up; ex-boarding house, farm, or large residence. Box T-356.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

BRITISH, European, Nazi medals, private collection. $2 for lists. Kingston, 3224-22 Avenue West, Seattle, Washington.

REFINED, EDUCATED woman (50) offers services as housekeeper-governess (excellent cook) one business or professional man, one motherless child, country home, Connecticut. $150 month. Box T-384.

BACHELOR, 48, seeks position as chauffeur, companion. Perferably Europe, Africa, Middle East. Box T-383.

TELEVISION WRITERS! 25 Important DO's and DON'T's. HOW to submit—WHERE to submit your manuscript. Send $1. TELESCRIPT, Dept. B, Box 1208, Hollywood 28.

RECENT HARVARD GRADUATE leaving for Europe desires position or commissions. Box T-380.

RESEARCH at Library of Congress. Ghostwriting, rewriting, editing, criticism. PERSONAL MANUSCRIPT SERVICE, P.O. Box 3289, Washington, D.C.

IS THERE A LADY who wishes to share lovely century-old suburban New York home with widow alone? References gladly exchanged. Box T-378.

HAND WROUGHT STERLING Jewelry by Stuart Nye, Southern Craftsman. Unusual flower and leaf designs. Free illustrated folder. AVALON GIFT HOUSE, Front Royal, Virginia.

WILL BOARD CHILD private home country estate. 50 miles from New York. Box T-388.

BINOCULAR HEADQUARTERS. All types. Postpaid. Bartlett Hendricks, Box 50-B, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

YOUNG WOMAN, well educated and traveled, seeks challenging work of literary or political nature. NY. Box T-375.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

SWISS CHALET. Wonalancet, N.H., beneath Mt. Whiteface. Timberland, mountain brook. Attractively furnished by retired Wellesley professor. 7 rooms, 3 baths. Box T-358.

BEAUTIFUL LOCATION. New Hampshire hills, 115 acres. Clean, renewed, year-round. Cape Codder, modern. Fosdick, RFD 1, Box 261, Claremont, New Hampshire.

BREAD LOAF, VERMONT. Year-round country home with city comforts, three bedrooms, one and ½ baths. Private but accessible in all weather. Glorious scenery. $8,500, terms. George Carleton, 19 Pleasant St., Middlebury, Vermont.

SWAN'S ISLAND, MAINE. Charming 6 room house, 2 guest cottages, fireplaces, electricity, plumbing. 35 acres woodland. Reasonable offers invited. Enquire till Labor Day, The Otter Ponds, Atlantic, Maine.

For Rent

POCONOS—Deluxe housekeeping cottages on stream, private estate. Fireplaces. Fall rentals. For discriminating guests. Box T-370.

FURNISHED MODERN LOG CABIN in Connecticut. On woodland estate with lake. Commuting distance from NYC. Box T-386.

WEARY OF CITY LIVING? Available September 1, charming pre-Revolutionary house, furnished; 12 rooms, 5 baths, oil furnace, garden. Lovely village, excellent schools, recreation. Year's lease, $150 monthly. Wells-Glenn, Brokers, Manchester, Vermont.

APARTMENT FOR RENT

JACKSON HEIGHTS—5 rooms. 15 minutes NYC. Writer, artist. $105 month. NEwtown 9-2193, evenings.

TRAVEL

HAVASU CANYON—"Gem of the Grand Canyon"—Wilderness Trail Trips, hiking and riding. 3- and 6-day trips. September 19 through October. From $50. Write WAMPLER TRAIL TRIPS, 1511 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley 9, California.

TRAVEL

A NEW YORK HOTEL specializing in friendliness, comfort, service. Towering 26 stories into the sky. 400 sunny outside rooms overlooking the buildings and gardens of United Nations. On exclusive, historic Beekman Hill. Many of our discriminating guests say, "There is no better hotel value in New York." Transportation at door to entire city. If you come BY AUTO: at 49 St. exit East River Drive . . . Garage adjacent. BY PLANE: 9 blocks on same Avenue from New Airlines Terminal. BY TRAIN: 9 blocks to Grand Central Station. Single $4-$8. Double $8-$15. Suites $12-$22 (some with terraces). Permanent residents invited. Restaurant-Coffee Shop. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. overlooking East River, NYC.

VACATIONS

PIKE COUNTY LODGE high in the Poconos. A simple mountain lodge . . . quiet seclusion in natural woodland setting. 185 acres, small private lake. Charming hospitality, fine attention to food and service. Recommended by leading Food and Travel Authority and the AAA. Helen & Werner Jung, Tafton, Pennsylvania, Hawley 3559.

SCHROON CREST on SCHROON LAKE. Adult Summer Resort. Resident Staff, Band. Home of Adirondack Folk Song and Dance Festivals. NYC telephone: MAin 4-8570.

TENNIS, SWIMMING, BOATING, Handball, Croquet, or perhaps just sun-basking. SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y.

TUILAUVENT—Ideal for self-sufficient people looking for restful weekends and vacations. Beautiful countryside. 50 miles from New York. Swimming, boating, fishing nearby. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates. Maple Road, Brewster, N.Y. BRewster 9-3154.

VERMONT VACATION at country inn on Lake Hortonia. Excellent food, summer sports, golf, riding nearby. Unique bar. Weekly square dances. SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vermont.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER in MEXICO! Study arts, crafts, Spanish, history. Field trips and early fall fiestas. Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. Room and board for $60 a month. Why not? Don't fail to request our free illustrated prospectus; Instituto Allende, Box 7, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

THINK OF SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Waterfalls. Trout. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

THREE VILLAGE INN, Stony Brook, L.I., N. Y.—ON LONG ISLAND SOUND in Suffolk County. Colonial setting, delicious food, informal, swimming. Museums nearby. Within hour's drive of ocean, summer theaters, and other points of interest.

ECHO LAKE LODGE, Brandon, Vermont, a delightful adult resort on private lake. Deluxe cabins for 2. Wonderful swimming, tennis, summer theaters nearby. Delicious food, reasonable rates. Telephone Hubbardton 17-2.

TOM GLAZER, BY POPULAR DEMAND, AT SEVEN HILLS for Labor Day week end. Also, Don Roscher doing dramatic readings. Dancing to live music, excellent tennis and swimming, free art lessons, cocktail lounge. Informal, adult. SEVEN HILLS, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS.

VERMONT VACATIONS—Beautiful, restful countryside, farm-fresh food. BRIDGEROAD LODGE, Lake Bomoseen.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

ENCHANTING LAKESIDE VACATION, deep woods, mountain-top, 2 connected lakes, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, croquet, ping-pong, Hi-Fi concerts, barbecue, hiking, packed lunches, etc. Lodge and Cabins. Moderate, informal, relaxed. Folder S. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASSACHUSETTS. Midway Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Berkshire Playhouse.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

COOL, COOL CRADLE OF NEW ENGLAND Monhegan Island—a cool 10 miles at sea—flora-loving, fauna-loving, sea-loving, beauty-loving guests welcome. Booklet? The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine.

FESTIVAL HOUSE, Lenox 3, Massachusetts. Reduced rates. Recordings, Folk dancing, Pete Seeger folk singer. Free concerts with Rudolf Serkin, Pro Musica Antiqua Concerts, art instruction, tennis, informal. Telephone Lenox 367W; NYC LUxemburg 2-1165.

COLONIAL CHARM, luscious food, casual, intimate. Delightful walks. Horses and golf nearby. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1065

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

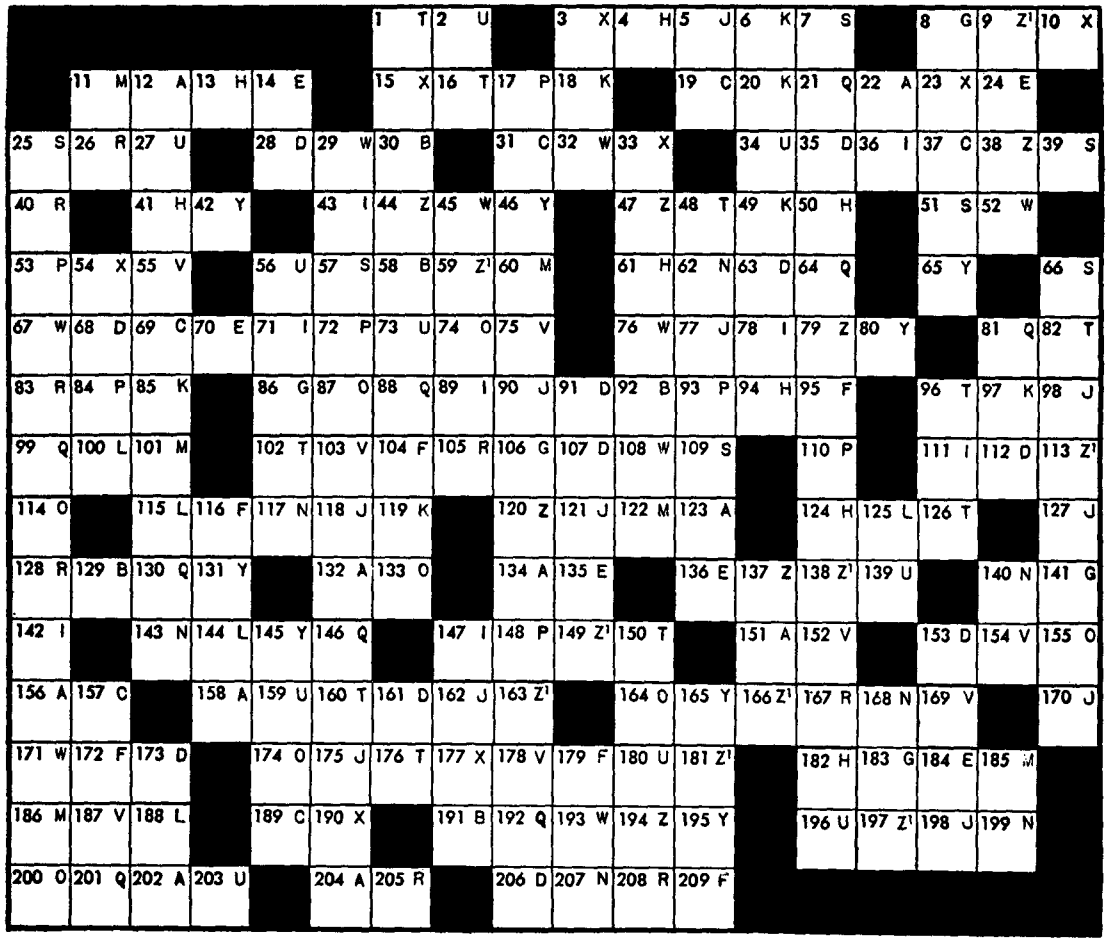
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Hating tobacco smoke.	158 134 22 151 12 132 123 156 204 202
B. The Hindu's word for worldly success.	129 30 58 92 191
C. Chemical element whose atomic number is 88.	19 31 157 189 37 69
D. Undergoing agonized struggle (3 wds.).	161 206 63 107 68 91 173 35 28 112 153
E. Affront	14 135 136 70 184 24
F. Tree of the East and West Indies which furnishes nickname for an eastern state of the U.S.	104 179 172 116 209 95
G. Spirit which actuates manners and customs of a people.	86 8 141 183 106
H. Meaning of French "à bas" (2 wds.).	182 4 124 94 61 41 50 13
I. Strive.	142 71 43 147 78 111 36 89
J. Thackeray in one of his famous satirical pieces, 1838.	90 98 175 118 162 170 77 121 5 198 127
K. Old Testament land or city, probably the Babylonian Larsa (Genesis xiv).	97 18 119 49 6 20 85
L. Philippine dwarf Negritos, of low culture.	144 100 188 125 115
M. Nickname for a cardinal (comp.)	60 11 101 186 122 185

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Feminine name meaning joy.	143 168 199 62 140 207 117
O. Russian noble who led the group of assassins of Rasputin, Dec. 31, 1916.	114 155 164 133 74 174 200 87
P. Thought.	93 148 17 110 53 84 72
Q. The "Abbey" of Thos. Love Peacock, 1818, in his satirical novel on Byron, Shelley, etc.	201 21 192 64 146 99 81 130 88
R. Inflammation of the sheath of a tendon.	40 167 128 208 26 83 105 205
S. Impetuous person.	39 51 66 25 7 57 109
T. Easy; smooth; showing no strain.	176 102 82 16 160 1 48 150 126 96
U. He who spun the wheel of fortune on his radio program (still continuing; 1876-1946; 2 wds.).	139 159 196 73 180 34 2 56 203 27
V. Set in a conventional form.	154 178 75 103 152 187 55 169
W. Earthy pigment, brownish-yellow before processing (2 wds.).	67 193 45 76 171 108 32 52 29
X. Tender of cows.	15 10 177 190 54 23 3 33
Y. Device formerly essential to the pen which was to be mightier than the sword.	165 195 80 145 42 65 46 131
Z. Nationality nickname for a Dutchman (2 wds.; as "Paddy" for an Irishman).	79 194 120 47 137 44 38
Z¹. One author of a famous Latin Grammar, 1872.	166 113 59 181 163 138 197 149 9

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*"For good reading, few novels could surpass it in point of drama."**

THE Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill

Hermann Hagedorn

FOR OVER a quarter of a century the Theodore Roosevelts of Oyster Bay gave America exciting and colorful headlines. Their fancies, their interests, their feelings were of intense personal concern to all the country. Now you can read of their wonderful life, laugh, rejoice and weep with them. Hermann Hagedorn has captured the essence of this memorable group in a portrait as intimate as a family album. It's a delightful saga of a lovable American family . . . blending pillow fights, international politics, obstacle races and presidential campaigns . . . filled with the bustling happy lives of unforgettable people.

"A story of love and devotion . . . filled with happiness and good feeling . . . what a wonderful time they had . . . Life there from the end to the beginning was a kaleidoscope of episodes that crowded each other almost without interval. One can read it with mirth and pleasure but always, in the end, with deep respect."

John P. Marquand

"Full not only of warm human interest, but of moral and spiritual refreshment . . . The author throws a golden shaft of light on Theodore Roosevelt in a new capacity, that of husband, father, and daily companion." *Allan Nevins*

"It makes one prouder than ever of our American Heritage . . . Here we see history in the making . . . in one of the most charmingly intimate, congenially written and historically engrossing stories of our time." *The Honorable Joseph C. Grew*°

The Macmillan Company

60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION 448 pages—25 illustrations—a big book for only $5.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED